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MAY 2010
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RAYMOND G. FALGUI teaches English Literature at the University of the Philippines. His short stories have appeared in the *Philippines Free Press* and *Philippine Graphic* magazines, as well as the *Philippine Speculative Fiction* and *Digest of Philippine Genre Stories* anthologies. He is also a self-proclaimed Luddite who last owned a cellphone sometime in 2004.





MAC VIVIEZCA is as rare as his name. His lineage is part Italian, and he has been a visible presence in the local indie music scene. He has a wide variety of musical and literary influences, much like his freelance photographer, writer and DJ fiancée BLACK SARAH of UR105.9. The couple enjoy watching *Bluntman and Chronic* movies, headbanging to "Freebird" of Lynrd Skynrd, writing articles, and composing songs together. Friends call them "The Power Couple of Rock." This issue finds them in pursuit of the dark side of organ transplants.



ALDUS SANTOS is the author of the poetry volume *Vocalese* and the the Pinoy-rock compendium *Repeat While Fading*. His band, The Purplechickens, has two independently released records: *Here's Plan B* and *Girls, Et Cetera*. He is working on two "thirds": a third book and a third record, and is wondering why they're taking so damned long.



The lean and lovely KAREN SIMBULAN is a lawyer by profession but a frustrated writer at heart. She dreams of one day just packing up however much of her earthly belongings can fit in a backpack and taking off, going wherever her feet, and her finances, can take her. In this issue, she takes to the sand and surf of our local beaches to find out what it's like to catch the perfect wave.



ROBERT SEBREE is most well-known for photographing entertainment personalities for advertising campaigns and editorial assignments. While he has been lucky enough to work with some legendary figures and craft iconic images of them, his favorite photo is always "the next one." His assignments have taken him all over the world, and he is currently doing preproduction of his first documentary film. He shot Quinton "Rampage" Jackson, this issue's 20Q subject, in Newport Beach, California.

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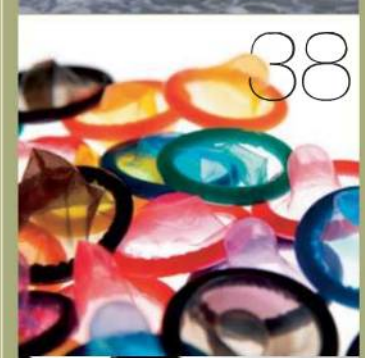
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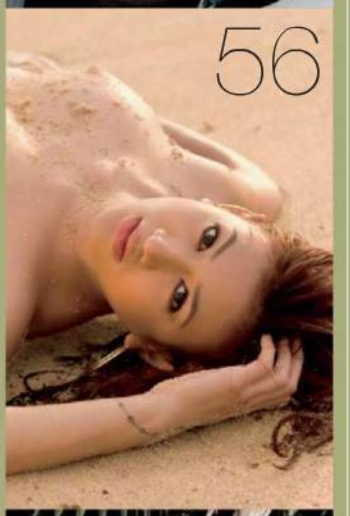
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Photography by Jonazzen of The Playground Studios

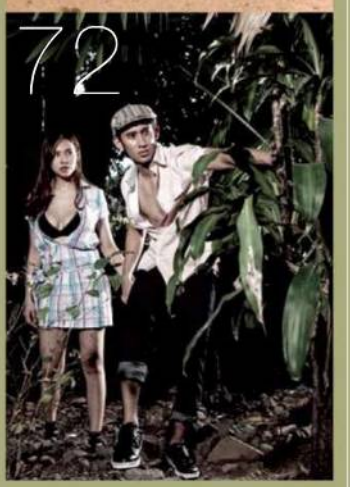
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Sarah Silverman is the sexiest potty-mouth we know. She's not afraid to speak her mind, although some people might be afraid to hear about it. Their loss, we believe. PLAYBOY interviewer Eric Spitznagel sat down with the sharp-tongued, dirty-minded comic on life, love and the humor behind racial stereotypes.

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96 RAMPAGE JACKSON

After making his name in Pride FC and the UFC's Octagon, Quinton "Rampage" Jackson is set to conquer the silver screen in this summer's film adaptation of 80's classic, *The A-Team*. This is a man who has literally fought for his success. Jackson talks about what it's like to win a championship, be a combat icon and beat up cousins.

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22 BACK TO BASICS

May cover girl Jeri Lee regularly maintains a backbreaking schedule, appearing at events all over the world. For her PLAYBOY debut, we slowed things down and took her back to her roots in her family's Zambales home town. From water buffaloes to ash fields and copious amounts of *halo-halo*, this California native shows that she's still a Filipina at heart.

56 PURE SHORES

Our May Playmate of the Month Jewelle De Vera didn't exactly take to her beach pictorial like a fish to water—the girl can't swim! Thankfully, she wasn't out for a dip this time around: just an easygoing afternoon on the sands. PLAYBOY has her for you now, in her premier pictorial.

100 WILD THING

We haven't slipped on a pair of Guess jeans since the 80's, but we never stopped monitoring their ads for Madison Avenue's best creation: the Guess girl. Photographer Raphael Mazzuco went to Africa to shoot the latest in a very esteemed and incandescently gorgeous line of traffic stoppers, Candice Boucher.

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As TV favorite *Lost* comes to an end, and we wonder what will replace it on our weekly viewing lists, we present a pictorial that proves there's no reason you shouldn't look your best even while you're stuck in the middle of nowhere. Miss June 2008 Sachie Sanders stars.







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MIKHAIL LECAROS Managing Editor

KARL R. DE MESA Executive Editor

ARTHUR CERDEÑA Creative Director

DOMINIC CALALO Art Director

JOSER DUMBRIQUE Photo Editor

DANTE GAGELONIA Features Editor

JUVY MENDOZA Editorial Coordinator

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Marvin Covar, Raymond G. Falgui, Regina Layug-Rosero, Aldus Santos
Black Sarah, Karen Pimentel Simbulan, Eric Spitznagel, Mac Viviezca, Niki Yarte

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS
Filbert Kung, Raphael Mazzucco, Mizuno, Robert Sebree

CONTRIBUTING ILLUSTRATOR
Caroline Dy

CONTRIBUTING CREATIVES
Vanessa Johnson *Stylist*
Ton Lao *Stylist*
Lyn Credo *Hair and Make-Up Artist*
Joanne Soto-Calaquin *Hair and Make-Up Artist*
Cats Del Rosario *Make-Up Artist*

MOTORING CONSULTANTS
Ian Sanares, Mike Timbol

ADVERTISING
Jaymee Anne Cabrera *Advertising Director*
Lalaine Castillo Degala *Advertising Assistant*

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WEB DEVELOPMENT
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ADMINISTRATION AND FINANCE
Desiree Fernandez *Administrative Assistant*
Chary Ramos *Head Accountant*

LOGISTICS AND CIRCULATION
Ike Palomo *Logistics Supervisor*
Elmar Payumo *Circulation Coordinator*
Rodolfo del Mundo *Circulation Coordinator*
Mario C. Fermil *Circulation Coordinator*

PLAYBOY SUITE
2502-C West Tower, Philippine Stock Exchange Center,
Exchange Rd., Ortigas Center, Pasig City, Philippines 1605
Tel. #: 687-6291 Fax. #: 687-6648

LEGAL
Atty. Jeff Omadto, Atty. Nancy Ocampo,
Atty. Cesar Romano, Q.T. Law Firm, Atty. Abraham G. Espejo

MANAGEMENT
Sam Cu *President/CEO*
Paulino Fernandez, Jr. COO

Adamosmedia Publishing Inc.

Hugh M. Hefner
Editor-in-Chief

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

MAY DAYS

It's May and, following a successful second anniversary party, Team Playboy is back at their desks, hard at work. As the election draws ever nearer, we thought it would be a good idea to get your minds off the incessant jingles, empty promises and all-around showboating brought about by those jostling for public office. This issue is all about getting out and enjoying the scenery, not the least of which is our cover girl, the inimitable Jeri Lee, go-go dancer extraordinaire. A sweetheart if ever there was one, Jeri's photographic commune with Zambales' natural beauty was well worth the trip. Also in the issue, regular contributors Nick Yarte, Karen Simbulan and Regina Layug-Rosero fill us in on the wonders of our country's Great Outdoors, with features on ecotourism, La Union's obsession with surfing, and the fun to be had at Subic Bay's JEST camp. It's a busy month, to be sure, and what better way to get away from it all than with your favorite magazine?



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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Dear PLAYBOY,

I know it's not Halloween yet but I'd like to know, which scary movies do you guys like? Am also looking forward to what you'll do in the November issue. — Arcie, via email

We're glad you asked! A good number of the editorial team are horror geeks and so share a love for the macabre classics like* The Exorcist, The Hills Have Eyes, Texas Chainsaw Massacre, *the first couple of* Shake, Rattle and Roll *installments and even the old* Balintataw *series (by now you can probably tell how old we are). Lately, though, we've taken a real liking to the Japanese masters like Takashi Miike (have you seen* Audition*?) and the guys who did* Machine Girl, *the original* Ringu *and* Uzumaki (The Spiral). *If you haven't seen them yet, we urge you to drop this magazine and check them out, pronto. If you can, try to find Miike's installment on Showtime's* Masters of Horror *series titled "Imprint." It's bloody good fun.

Dear PLAYBOY,

Do you think some of the people walking around today are really robots? Sometimes I get paranoid with all the robot-gone-amok and post-apocalypse movies featuring demented AI being put out by Hollywood. — Megan, via email

It's a fact that, for Hollywood producers, the future is a much safer place to make movies about than the present. There's no need to be politically correct and you can lampoon public figures with impunity because, hey, it's set in a time that's yet to come or in a galaxy far, far away and they just do things differently there. We understand how movies like* I, Robot, The Matrix *or* Surrogates *might induce you to robotic paranoia. Never fear though, we have it on good authority that, despite our computers upgrading faster than you can blink, the mad scientists behind the AI R&D and the move to make machines more intelligent are simply not that far ahead into the game. So lay your terror of plastic man to rest. Trust us, no Terminators or Robocops are coming just yet. Marauding aliens from outer space are, however, a different bag of cats altogether.

Dear PLAYBOY,

I just picked up your April 2010 issue and am loving the girls here! Especially Priscilla Monteiro. Wow, is she hot or what? Keep up the good work, guys. I don't think you're there yet but the magazine is definitely improving. — Kanye, via email

Thanks for the kind words. We also have a soft spot for the gorgeous Brazilian Priscilla, and we're glad you liked her feature. We're dedicated to making the each issue better than our last one, so we hope you keep following us and letting us know your exact thoughts. Keep in touch, Kanye.

Dear PLAYBOY,

I just wanted to say thank you for your magazine being absolutely nothing like what I expected. As a woman with a partner, the very concept of Playboy has always offended me in principle, but that was before I got a chance to peruse your pages for the first time the other day at a friend's house (I had nothing else to read). I can now honestly say that your publication is head and shoulders above other so-called men's magazines, with actual articles that can be enjoyed by members of either sex, along with pictures of actual women, and not the digitally augmented monstrosities that can usually be found. Bravo. As a new fan, I have to ask, can you feature more articles about alternative sexuality? — Leslie, via email

First off, welcome to the fold, Leslie! We try and cater to all readers who may be picking up the magazine for the first time, and alternative sexuality is certainly something we'd be interested in looking into. How about the rest of your readers? Email us your comments!

Dear PLAYBOY,

Great job on the Anniversary issue! The cover caught my eye in 7-11! Nice to see you guys stepping up your game, it's about time! — Gregg, via email

And the stuff inside is pretty good, too. Thanks for the compliment, Gregg!

Dear Playboy,
Your US counterpart is known for its investigative features into issues like corruption, and politics, why don't you guys do something similar? As a long time reader (since 2008), I know your fans would enjoy something meatier. More power to you guys!
— Arthur, via email

Great point, Arthur! A lot of people aren't aware of PLAYBOY's rich, journalistic legacy. For instance, when Woodward and Bernstein serialized their controversial Watergate report, the results were published in the pages of PLAYBOY magazine! Just wait 'til you see what we've got coming up! We think you won't be disappointed.

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PLAYLIST

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It's a wild world out there, and we'll never be able to see or hear it all. Let the PLAYLIST show you what's worth your attention as the year turns!



To see more of Candice Boucher, turn to page 100.

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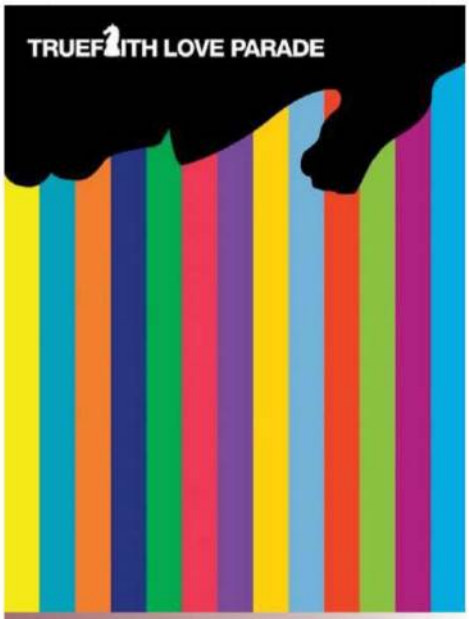
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OUTERHOPE
A DAY FOR THE ABSENT
Indipendent 2009

I will say this now: I like distortion. I'm crazy about Josh Homme and his stoner-rock ilk. I put my head in constant danger of getting dislodged as I headbang to *Shellac* and *In Utero*. That being said, allow me now to say that Outerhope is my favorite local band these days, though they are nothing like Queens of the Stone Age and they may not tickle the pants off Steve Albini. Their Terno debut, *Strangely Paired,* was masterful, but their current release, *A Day for the Absent,* is sheer genius. When people say "stripped down," they almost always refer to punk outfits who can't play more than four chords, and I'd like to use that here, but referring to the complete opposite: the voice-piano-guitar setup of "Outerhope," stripped down as it may be, is bold and brave. When you listen to these songs—like "The One I Like" or "The Man with the Pipes"—there are no fuzz or delay pedals that can distract you from notes sung flat or sharp, or from awkward harmonies that don't work. All you have are the voices of brother-sister team Mick and Mike Benedicto, singing their hearts out in perfect (and perfectly unpredictable) harmony. They've started playing around with different structures as well, and this quality reaches its peak in "Lost in Numbers," which has the most beautifully angular singing and a second movement to boot. Moreover, "Twenty Years from Now" and "Anna Gabrielle" are good portents of things to come: in the former, analog-sounding drum loops; in the latter, a straightforward narration in the Paul Simon vein. Clearly, a band to beat.



TRUE FAITH
LOVE PARADE
VIVA RECORDS 2010

Truefaith doesn't owe you anything: the magnificently buoyant "Muntik Nang Maabot ang Langit" and the impossibly heartbreaking "Baliw"—as well as the whole of "Looking Up" (as I keep saying over and over)—should be enough to float them by. Heck, the mere fact that they survived the terribly intolerant '90s should suffice. Good to see that on *Love Parade*—their first disc in three or four years, their first on Viva, their eighth overall—the band doesn't show any signs of (creatively) kicking it. On the strength of carrier single "'Yun Lang" alone, Love Parade is proving to be a viable contender in the Truefaith catalogue (it will probably end up on a tie with *Perfect,* if not *TKO* the latter altogether). Said carrier single also features some awesome pipework courtesy of Up Dharma Down's Armi Millare. There is a general middle-of-the-road/'80s/ Spandau Ballet idiom that informs most of this record, and, the great thing is, it's done with no snarkiness or palm-face irony. No hipster musical references; no "now" hairdos; no nothing. When new Truefaith axeman Allan Elgar does "inspirational," major-key passes, or when synthman Jake Lumacad rocks his keys using faux-violin settings, there is, always, an unparalleled sincerity. And this is True Faith's main currency. For my money, though, "Awitin" and "Pangako" take the cake (despite being diversions from the musical dialect that *Love Parade* operates under). And I guess I don't need to tell you that Medwin Marfil still sings like a million dollars.



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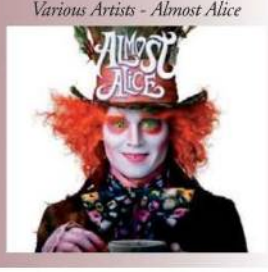
Not that it matters (or, at least, not a lot), but let it be known that Franco has players from Queso (guitarist 8 Toleran), Urbandub (guitarist Gabby Alipe and drummer Janjan Mendoza), Parokya ni Edgar (bassist Buhawi Meneses), and InYo/Frank (singer-guitarist Franco Reyes) in it. Their music is, predictably enough, a mish-mash of nu-rock, dub, and good ol' riff-rock (a really good mish-mash). In technical terms, there is nothing else to pine for in the personnel. However, if one would like to argue for the Urbandub-ness of the endeavor (two 'Dub members and everything), let it also be known that Reyes was a seminal Cebuano musical hero to Alipe and his cohorts. That Alipe's own writing sounds vaguely Franco-like may be unconscious, but, hey, that's good musical stock to model oneself after. Most of the songs in the band's self-titled debut are culled from Reyes' erstwhile U.S.-based outfit InYo, and, like I always say, good songs don't deserve to remain big secrets. "Castaway," "Memorykill," "A Mass for the End of Time": all of these songs, and then some, have ballsy heart (and don't even attempt to visualize that, sorry). At the core of all this is attention to detail; lest you forget, there are three guitar players in the band, all of them more than technically able. You'd think a "supergroup" would be made up of ego-trippers who all want to play twenty-minute solos, but Franco is above all that.





Recent Releases by MCA Music

Lifehouse - Smoke & Mirrors
Cheryl Cole - 3 Words
Various Artists - Almost Alice



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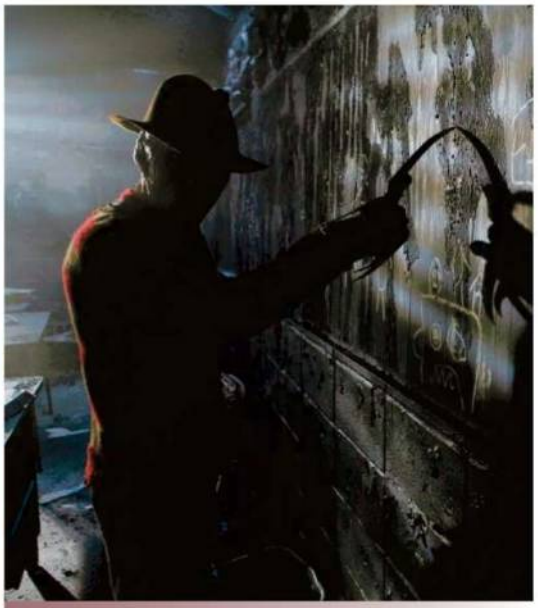
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PLAYLIST MOVIES



PRINCE OF PERSIA

More pressing a question than the state of Gemma Arterton's career following *Clash of the Titans*, or whether anyone will actually buy Jake Gyllenhaal as a swashbuckling royal of middle eastern descent is, "Is it possible to make a good movie out of a video game?" Producer Jerry Bruckheimer certainly thinks so and, seeing as he was able to make a successful series of movies out of a theme park ride, he just might know what he's talking about. Gyllenhaal stars as the titular prince in a race against dark forces (is there any other kind in these movies?), led by Ben Kingsley. Directed by *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire's* Mike Newell, action and special effects abound as everyone fights for possession of a mystical dagger capable of reversing time.



A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET

Nary a month goes by that there isn't a remake of some sort on the horizon; for May, it's seminal 80's horror flick, *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. Created by Michael Bay's Platinum Dunes production company as part of their quest to remake every classic horror movie ever made (what they did to *Halloween* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* were inexcusable). Word on this movie has been mixed, as purists and cinephiles alike debate the merits of having Jackie Earl Haley (*Watchmen*'s Rorschach) take over Robert Englund's signature role as Freddy Krueger. For many, the deciding factor in whether this remake will spawn anywhere near as many sequels as the original lies in the tone; as of press time, it remains unknown if this trip down memory lane will retain the creepy feel of the original or adopt the darkly humorous approach of the later, lesser entries. The trailer looks good, but we've been fooled before.

THE BOUNTY HUNTER

Milo Boyd (Gerard Butler) is a bounty hunter given the assignment of a lifetime when he's hired to bring his bail-jumping ex-wife to justice. The ex-wife in question, Nicole (played by Jennifer Aniston), is a reporter dead-set on hunting down a lead for a story she's working on, so she's not going to come along quite as quietly as Milo would prefer. Eventually, the pair find themselves on the run from the very people Nicole is trying to bring to justice. What follows is a series of misadventures as the two try to outsmart each other in a game of cat and mouse reminiscent of *Midnight Run*. Of course, Robert DeNiro and Charles Grodin never ended up in bed together (that we know of).



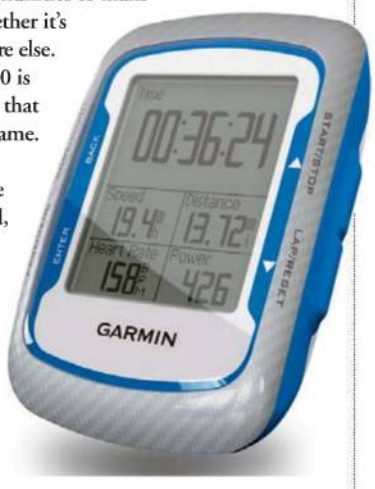
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PLAYLIST TECH

RIDING THE EDGE

Sporting trends come and go, but there are always faithful athletes who pick their areas of expertise and stick with them. These are the people who want very exacting gear to go with their passion, and it's no surprise that technology is literally racing to keep up with them. In the cycling world (and, in fact, anything involving mobility, even outside the world of sports), the Garmin brand name has become synonymous with comprehensive data tracking and reporting, syncing up with online services and communities to make the most of your experience, whether it's on the road, in sports or anywhere else. For cyclists, the Garmin Edge 500 is an ultra-light monitoring system that conveniently straps on to your frame. All the information you could ever need is recorded by this little wonder: average speed, top speed, distance traveled, heart rate, and so on. If you're serious about your cycling performance, this is the one device you absolutely must have.





AUDITORY FREEDOM

We live in a wired world, true, but that doesn't mean we're bound to the ubiquitous cords of our devices. Wireless is the order of the day, and Sennheiser's latest iteration of their wireless headphones demonstrates just how committed they are to that vision. The RS 180 is one of the clearest units in the history of both Sennheiser and the headphone industry at large, thanks to its 2.4GHz Kleer transmission technology. It carries well even through walls, provided you don't walk away too far. At 300 feet, that's a long ways to go and, unless you live in the Playboy Mansion, you aren't likely to need that kind of range. Installation is idiot-proof and immediate: plug it in like regular headphones, and away you go. The control buttons are right on the unit, so you don't have to trudge on back to the base transmitter just to change the volume. The headphones make for a pretty comfy fit, too.



SMALL WONDER

Vacuums have long since been very hefty, sizable affairs, what with the suction power required and the inverse ventilation systems that drives them. Miniaturization efforts in the last few decades have yielded handheld units that excel at specific location cleaning, but the sweet spot between the portability of a Dustbuster and the power plus reach of a floorbound unit has been difficult to come by. Toshiba's got an answer, though, in the form of the Escargot: a semi-portable vacuum that is about the size of a messenger bag while still packing the strength of a moderate household unit. It's got the usual attachments and extendable hose of its larger cousins, while allowing for ease of use and storage. Say goodbye to industrial affairs in tiny homes, and say hello to the spiffy Escargot's space-friendly footprint.

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PLAYLIST LIFESTYLE

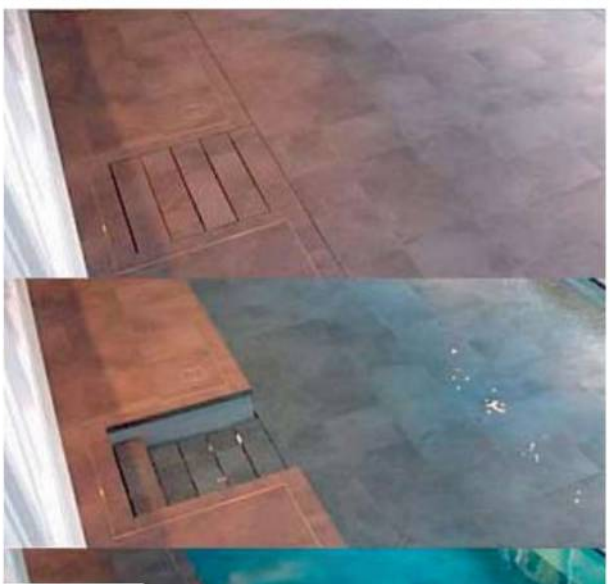
MIRRORED TIME

Russian designer Art Lebedev has already achieved a level of fame and/or notoriety for his otherworldly keyboard designs (the Optimus series has to be seen to believed), and now he's set his sights on redefining the look of the common timepiece. His latest effort, the Reflectus Laser Clock - currently in the concept stage - resembles something out of a sci-fi flick. The seemingly digital display actually is actually comprised of a single laser bounced off of 60 individual mirrors that rotate to show the time. Check it out, along with Lebedev's other designs, at www.artlebedev.com



HYDRO FLOOR

Though we never thought we'd see anything like it outside a James Bond villain's lair, the Hydrofloor is a Belgian lifestyle-engineering feat more than worthy of notice. Making use of existing floor space, the Hydrofloor descends into the ground at the touch of a button, revealing a full-scale swimming pool. The depth of the pool can be adjusted by use of the control panel and, when not in use, is, according to the manufacturer, "nearly invisible", allowing the space to be used as an ordinary room, perfect for entertaining, dining, recreation, or simply storage (provided nobody pushes the button, of course!). www.hydrofloors.be







VINYL RESURRECTION

Many have come to associate the pops and crackles heard on their old records to be irreversible symptoms of age. Australian inventor Cary Stoddard, dissatisfied with the performance of conventional cleaning brushes, took it upon himself to create the Record Revirginizer. Stoddard claims that his non-toxic substance, when applied to vinyl, is capable of removing any mold, dust, oils, skin, and smoke that may have become embedded in the grooves over the years, potentially restoring your records to near-pristine condition. One 500ml bottle of Record Revirginizer can treat up to 16 double-sided 12-inch LP's, and is available at Stoddard's website, www.recordrevirginizer.com.

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THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD

By Adrian Sanares and Mike Timbol
With Marvin Covar

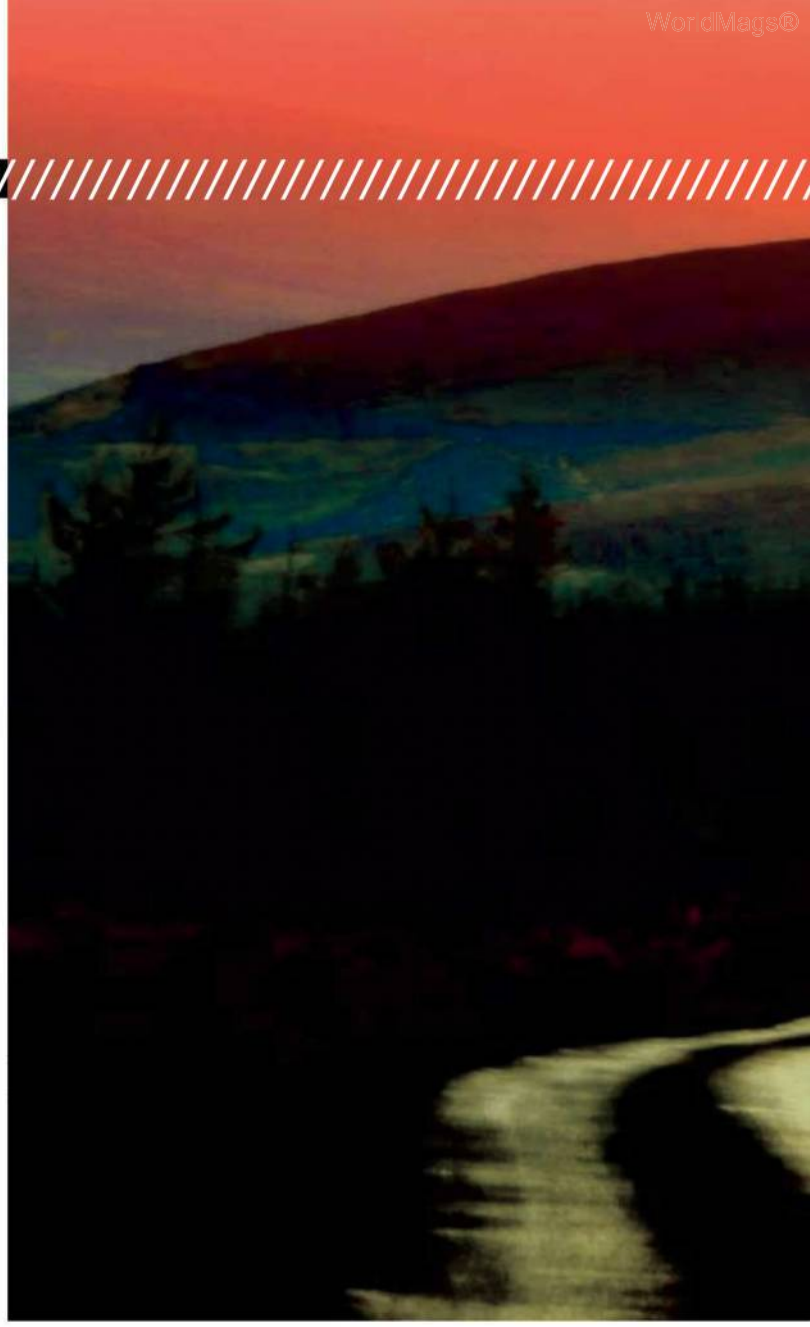


If you're as enthusiastic about cars as we are, then chances are you've already been on a long trip, or at least planning to go on one with your mighty steed. For some people, taking one's car out into the open road and into the unknown can be relaxing, and even therapeutic. For us, it's the rush of driving out in the open with our family and friends, throwing our troubles to the wind that gets us all revved up about being one with the asphalt road. We get to shift gears and ride full throttle away from the madness, and escape the hustle and bustle of our everyday lives. We love it when our trips go as planned and without a hitch, which is why we at PLAYBOY have worked on giving you the best information possible on how to deal with long trips.

If you have been following our work for some time, then you probably already know how to prepare your car for different road conditions, from preventing car damage from the merciless sun to making sure unforeseen accidents and misfortunes have already been mapped out. We believe in seeing the unforeseen. Now, let's delve deeper into the preparations and details of making sure that your automobile is in tip-top condition to perform to the best of its capabilities.

First, let's go over the things you have to bring. The first and foremost thing you would want to bring is a first-aid kit. Most Euro and American cars already come equipped with one, but if you're driving an Asian or older model, you are definitely going to want to keep one handy in the unfortunate case of an emergency. You should have some adhesive tape inside, some anesthetic spray, a few gauze pads and some adhesive bandages. Some oral antihistamine for allergies is also useful, as is some polysporin antibiotic cream and some non-adhesive pads for covering up wounds. A triangular bandage to be used as a tourniquet is also important, along with scissors.

Don't forget to bring some batteries and flashlights! There's nothing we hate more than groping for things in the dark, with the exception of if we're groping for things because we got lucky, as opposed to because we were cursed with the rotten luck of having our cars break down in the middle of the night. Some flat-tire fillers are also essential, because you just might need to fill out a tire and the next vulcanizing shop could be a few kilometers away. It would be best to keep one in reach in the event that one of your wheels needs some air.

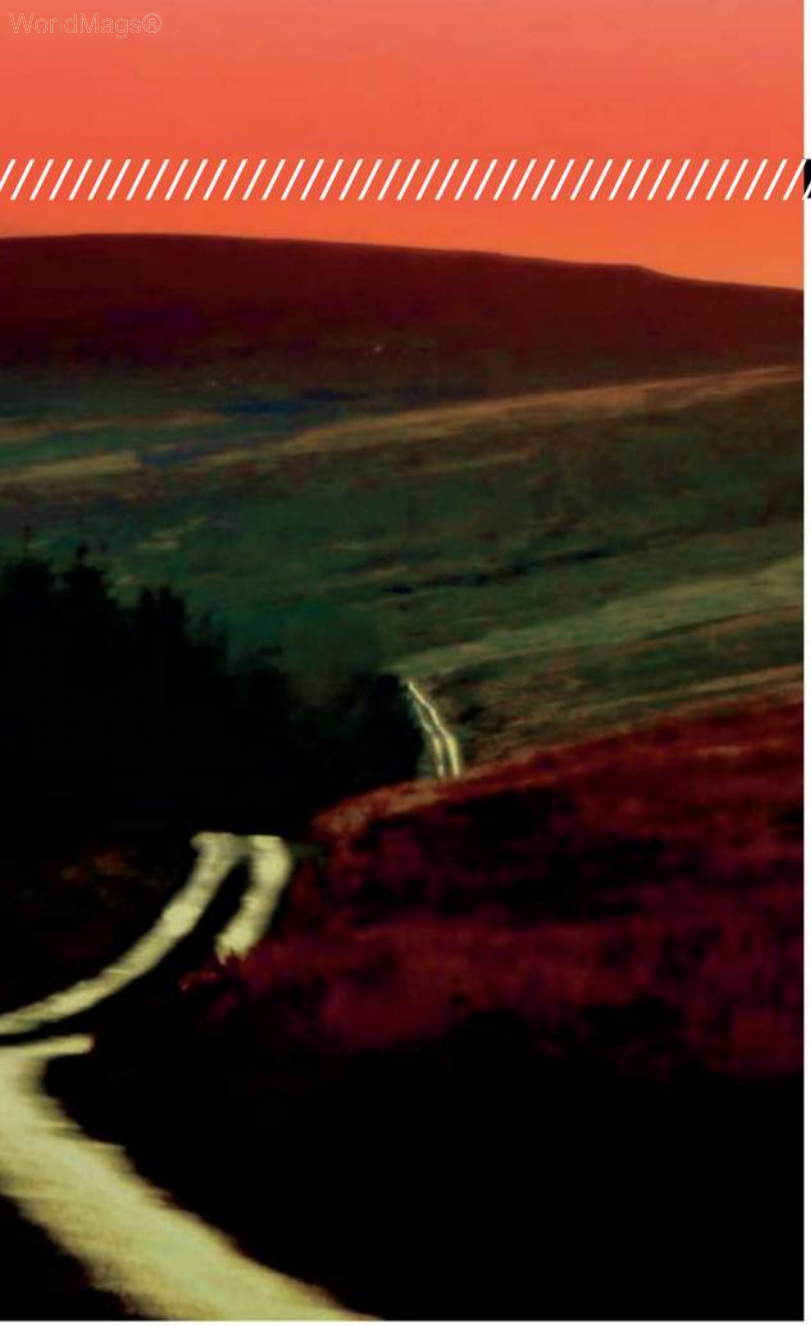


If you're driving somewhere you've never been to before, then we suggest bringing an updated map along with you for added convenience. A car is useless if you don't know where you're going, and asking for directions is fine, but sometimes people might ramble on and give confusing directions that could get you even more lost than you previously were. With one handy, you're sure to always know where you are and it saves you the embarrassment of asking for directions to wherever it is you're planning to go.

Also, most people overlook this and fail to see its importance, but steel epoxy can be your best friend given the right situation.

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Since you are on a long trip, it will be inevitable that you and your passengers will get hungry. To avoid any more pit stops than you may have to make, be sure to have snacks handy. Ask the people beforehand what they would like in order to avoid the hassle of someone saying they don't like the prepared food inside the vehicle. Nevertheless, you will still be making pit stops, whether it's for bathroom breaks, for gas or for whatever reason, so don't expect to get to your destination at your scheduled time. Shave an hour or two off your time limit so that you're never in a hurry.

Now that we've enumerated some of the basic things that you need to bring, let's discuss the main things you'll want to check with your automobile to make sure that you're trip is as hassle-free and comfortable as possible.

Without wheels to move the car along, a car is about as useful as swimming trunks in a snowstorm. It is very important that you have your tires and wheels checked by authorized professionals because they will be able to see things that should be repaired or replaced that you might otherwise not. A visit to your nearest professional tire service or vulcanizing shop can do wonders for your tires and could save them from further damage. This can ultimately save you from spending more money due to more parts of your car breaking down due to faulty wheels. Also, don't forget to check the pressure of your tires. Low tire pressure can and will affect car performance and can even make your automobile consume more gas. The correct tire pressure is usually found on the side panels of the car's doors if you're not sure just how much pressure your tires need. Don't neglect your spare because you never know when you're going to need it. New technology like Nitrogen Air can also help keep the pressure levels right and also cools the hot air inside your tires.

Even if your car isn't due for a tune-up yet, it's always better to be on the safe side and have one done on your car just to be sure. You want your vehicle to be in the best shape possible when you hit the open road, and a tune-up will make sure that it is. Doing so will place less stress on your engine, letting it perform much better. Be sure that your brakes are functioning at maximum capacity: the slightest failure can result in injury, or even worse, death, for you and all your passengers. If your brakes are at less than one hundred percent, you should definitely cancel your trip in favor of making sure they are repaired. After all, what's a few days of maintenance compared to a lifetime of regret? This is the last thing you'll ever want to compromise.

Don't forget to check your water levels. This must be done daily to avoid leaks or overflowing once you're already on your way to your \destination. This can be very frustrating not only for you, but for your passengers as well.

Don't neglect to check your battery. It might fail at any given moment so check its expiration and be prepared to spend a few pesos on replacing it should the need arise. The belts are also not to be considered lightly. Be it for the air conditioning or the alternator, it is very important to make sure these things are in good condition. It will be very obvious even to the untrained eye if one of them needs replacing, so you don't really need an expert to tell you if one or the other needs to be changed.

Lastly, don't expect everything to go according to plan. There will always be some sort of deviation from your original arrangement. But after following our guide, we're sure that any departure from your original plan will only be a minor one. For now, just relax and enjoy the open road. Godspeed, and have a safe trip!

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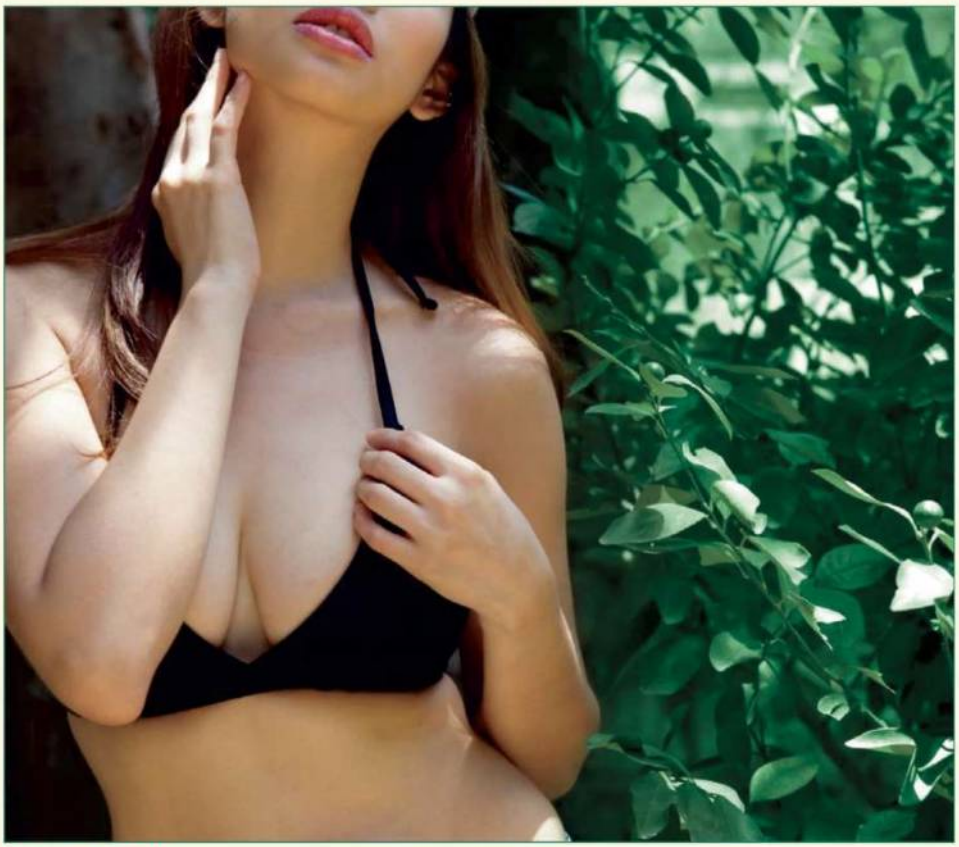
X-Trips

Gen X (those born from 1965 through 1980) makes up **31%** of all leisure travelers and **36%** of all business travelers. Gen Xers take an average of **3.5** leisure trips and **6.9** business trips per year.



Overdose Allowed

Sex is the safest tranquilizer in the world. It is **10 times** more effective than Valium.



Into the Wild

From a recent independent survey, **87%** of women today get excited by thoughts of making out during camping, hiking or mountain climbing. **52%** actually did it.

Green-Minded

Over **79%** of adults surveyed consider themselves environmentally-conscious and increasingly aware of terms such as carbon footprint and global warming.

Wild Thing

People have sex an average of **127 times** a year. The three countries with the lowest sexual frequency are Japan (**37 times** per), Malaysia (**62**) and China (**69**).



Quickies

Mosquitoes, which mate in the air, perform a sex act that lasts only **2** seconds.



Road Trip

76% of leisure travelers chose to travel by car between August 2008 and July 2009.

Dangerous Liaisons

68% of men and **59%** of women have been involved with more than one person that their current partner doesn't know about.

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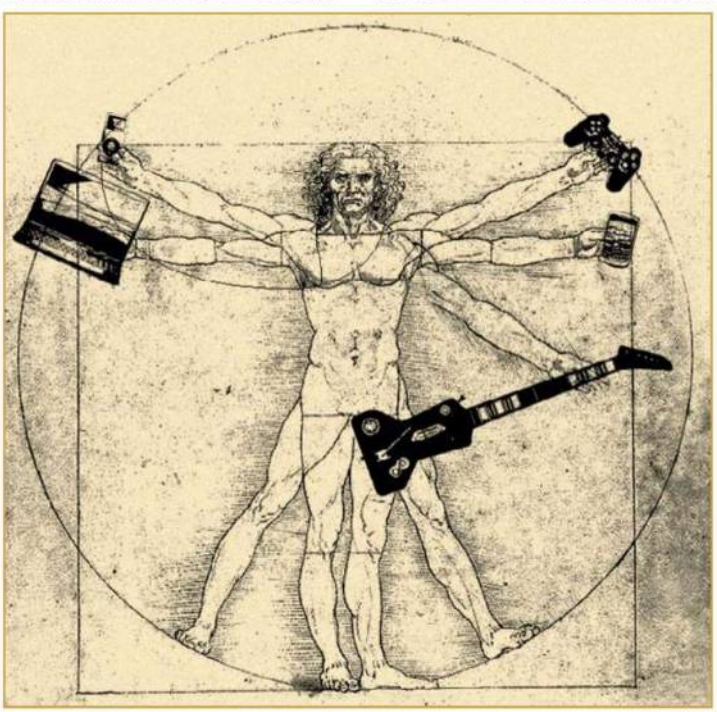
THE TECH FETISH
A LUST FOR ENHANCED LIFE

BY DANTE GAGELONIA

SCIENCE FICTION HAS LONG DEPICTED THE WAYS TECHNOLOGY WILL EVOLVE. THE FUTURE IS NOW, THE FUTURE IS OBSESSION AND ASSIMILATION. IS RESISTANCE FUTILE?

Gene Roddenberry had the right ideas about technology, first with *Star Trek*, and then later with his posthumous *Earth: Final Conflict*. He envisioned a future where people could perform complex tasks with devices no bigger than a pocketbook, and communicate seamlessly across vast distances with matter-of-fact aplomb. Countless other futurists and authors had their own concepts, but it was Roddenberry's vision of the technological gestalt that real-world innovation ended up following into the present, both in form and function.

Cultural phenomenon that science fiction is, the chicken-or-egg debate about which inspired what is moot: sci-fi and contemporary science have borrowed from each other so often over the years that it's become an inextricable symbiotic relationship. Gadgets in particular have steadily assumed the form factor and user interfaces that we can readily recognize from Roddenberry's trademark intellectual property. He and his writers past would be ecstatic, I suppose, if they knew then what everyman tech looks like today. But what happens, though, when a cultural phenomenon constantly feeds the public eye with its specific brand of appeal?



At some point between the original five-year mission and the destruction of Vulcan in the latest revision of the Trek space-time continuum, advanced tech slid gently but firmly into the cultural landscape of humanity. It became a centerpiece of everyday living. I'm not talking about tech essential to core civilization, like agriculture or urban engineering. I'm referring to consumer-level tech like cellular phones, tied to telecommunications services that cater more to social accessibility than fundamental survival. You wouldn't think it wasn't essential to survival, though, with how possessively people today cling to their portable devices, involved with them like an extra limb or sensory perception. Old-timers would say that we got along just fine without these things before, and they should be discarded or de-prioritized in favor of more direct interaction. Gadgets are trinkets, with passing value to our real lives.

Then again, more and more people ask: how important is technology, really? Is it superfluous, or has it become a true extension of ourselves?

A WIRED (AND WIRELESS) WORLD

Time was, technology meant wired, meant stationary, meant physically linked to other tech. Now, technology means wireless, means mobile, means free from attachment to anything. Just

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THE TECH FETISH: A LUST FOR ENHANCED LIFE

like in *Star Trek*, with their tricorders and communicators. Just like in the 90's show *Earth: Final Conflict*, with their 'globals': hybrid telecommunications devices that operated, well, exactly like how today's cutting-edge cellphones do. When communications technology became truly wireless, the social dependence on them and what they could do for expanding human interaction exploded worldwide.

One additional (and essential) fact to note: gadgets have become sexy. With the advancement of ergonomic and aesthetic design in tech having come this far, it's become an inescapable truth that gadgets are designed with seduction in mind. Why else would we want one, after all? How else would we be convinced that we absolutely must have what amounts to a very flat telephone that costs as much as an impoverished family earns in a year? Granted, this flat telephone can also perform tasks that would be outright magical to someone from barely half a century ago, but still, the fact that it looks so hot is the compelling reason for the broader public to get involved.

IT'S BECOME AN INESCAPABLE TRUTH THAT GADGETS ARE DESIGNED WITH SEDUCTION IN MIND.

Gadgets have become commonplace, readily accepted as both background and set piece, almost as natural to the human condition as sustenance and shelter. Maslow's hierarchy of needs hasn't yet been revised to reflect this quiet dependence, but when our social well-being began hinging on the ability of people to communicate via digital transmission, the ultimate necessity of technology in contemporary civilization became a foregone conclusion.

GET ONLINE, OR ELSE

Luddites have never had it worse than today. Not having a cellphone, not being able to connect to this virtual level of existence that has layered itself over the real world: at best this means simple isolation from friends and family, and at worst it means the loss of professional opportunities and an outright inability to cohesively interact with even the 'real world.' It is this same 'real world' that has, ironically, assimilated technology so well that it's practically a cyborg that has more and more in common with the virtual than the real.

If perception is reality, our tech-augmented perceptions have created a life that is dependent on connectivity. We'll exist without it if we are denied it, true, but our life will be a shell of its current substance. We are bound, now that our operational awareness has expanded to the range that it has: a virtual, immediate-access existence.

With technology becoming progressively easier to manufacture and then leverage to create better iterations of itself, the historical march of progress isn't just relentless: it is speeding up, and is carrying us aloft into a future that could conceivably be more about itself than about our natural existence. Tech started out as a tool for enhancing our way of life, and now it IS our way of life. How can we break away from this compelling passion?

And, more to the point: should we even bother?

WE WILL ADD YOUR DISTINCTIVENESS TO OURS

The Borg are presented as voracious, amoral villains in *Star Trek*: individuals stripped of their individuality and added to a hivemind that epitomizes cold, machinelike existence over all else. As a race, the Borg present a cautionary tale, portraying the horrors of a technological singularity gone rampant: the tool subverting the user, assuming primacy of existence and purpose. We might become something like that if we become too attached to our tech (on a brutally literal level), but what if that's not the direction we're headed in at all? What if, as we integrate ourselves more and more with technology, we insure our enhanced quality of life rather than threaten it?

At its most basic, technology exists as an extension of our ability to perform tasks. This includes the menial, like building a house, to the intellectual, like processing demographics. Even though the joke that our devices are smarter than we are now has been making the rounds, with the humor getting darker with every new wave of advanced tech, perhaps the critical element is still the same. Technology has always been designed as an extension, not as an end in itself. Even our most apocalyptic visions of a tech-run future are essentially human desires, human aspirations projected onto what we assume to be coldly logical machines that are selfish and consumptive.

I propose this: tech is only that way, and can only be portrayed that way, because that is still an extension of what the human condition allows. We're not afraid of tech overruling us: we're afraid of tech becoming super-versions of us at our worst. Maybe the best way to prevent that nightmare from happening is to change the human condition, so that technology becomes an extension of our best, rather than our worst, qualities.

Technology need not be the boogeyman. It can remain what it has always been, and conceivably will always be: a tool that is only as advanced, as driven and as moral as the purpose that drives it. Our obsession with tech is only a risk if we allow our baser, negative qualities free reign. If we continue to aspire for the best, then our devices will follow suit.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm a girl who loves books and reading but I find that, generally, the men I like don't really like to read and even consider it boring. This is often disappointing because there's more to me than a pretty face and a sexy figure. I do know that, as a rule, guys who like books are often introspective and aren't outgoing or action-oriented. Where can I find men of action who also like to curl up with a good, intelligent and well-made paperback that goes beyond the ghastly *Twilight* fare?

—Celestine, via email

If you're looking for guys who love books and are also men of action we highly recommend you check out journalists. Everybody knows that the real men among the men of letters are the macho wordsmiths who sling it out in the field and then live to tell the tale in flawless and cutting reportage. Just ask the millions of Hunter S. Thompson/Sebastian Junger fans. "Journalist" is a synonym of "sexy." And when were you planning to visit our office again?

A few months ago I watched a Japanese movie about a psychotic girl who seduced an older man and then sliced his feet up with piano wire. Needless to say I was both shocked and unable to look away. The Japanese do make such extremely enjoyable and sick films! I forget the title now but the girl in that movie reminded me of an ex-fling of mine who I'll hide under Psycho Girl. While she was amazing in bed, she was clingy and walked around with an almost permanent sense of outrage. She'd get angry at the smallest inconveniences or get extremely jealous at my perceived infidelities (like looking at a girl's legs too long while we're walking down a mall). I dumped her a few weeks later despite her beauty and superb coital skills. My question is: how do you handle such a hot but mentally unstable girl?

—Alex, via email

Bro, we feel for you. We recommend the following for handling your hot but psychotic girl: 1) constant arguments so she feels "valued," 2) no dates in fancy, schmaltzy places where she'll just make a scene thereby assuring you can never eat fine dining fare ever again, 3) loads of Ativan. Trust us, it works like a charm. You can thank us later, bro.

I have a boss that's difficult to manage and can often be unprofessional with his conduct. When visitors and prospective clients are around he becomes especially obnoxious, boastful and pretends to know everyone's jobs. I especially hate it when he designates me as an assistant (I'm a goddamn copy writer). Obviously he has no idea what people are doing. What should I do to manage him better?

—Kenny, via email

This is a difficult situation you're in. If you don't manage your boss, your boss will manage you, and you don't want that. One of our favourite things to do which we highly recommend to reveal the extreme incompetence of a boastful superior is something we like to call the "Fast Talk Project Update." The next time your superior goes to your office to show off his hardworking "minions", speak up and ask about an update to the latest project you're working on, carefully wording it in ambiguous superlatives and big words. While they may mean absolutely nothing you'll sound extremely smart and assiduous and just generally on top of the minutae of your work. Example: "Hey, sir, I would like to ask you if you've approved the value-added procedure we talked about at the last planning meeting on how to insert more creativity in both the outer and inner organizational maintenance framework while keeping client interests at a maximum?" Your boss will not only be dumbfounded and awed he will also look like a complete idiot. For the coup de grace, when he says "Yes" quickly follow it up with: "But I thought that was illegal!?"

I have a bully in my office who passes me down more work just when I thought I was done for the day. What's the best way to get back at him?

—Alice, via email

The next time your co-worker tries to pass on more work to you stare at him for about five seconds blankly as if he had just grown another eyeball out of his cheek, grip the CD, paperwork or whatever it is he's handed you and throw it at him while screaming: "I knew you were one of them! Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li! You'll never take me alive, hideous beast!" Then quickly walk away and to the bathroom. We know for a fact this bully will never bother you again.

Something on your mind? The PLAYBOY Advisor answers your questions about life, love, the pursuit of happiness and most anything in between. Tell us who you are and where you're from, and what's been nagging at you. Email us at *theadvisor@pbphil.com*, and we'll publish the questions we find most interesting. PLAYBOY reserves the right to edit material for brevity and clarity. The most interesting question of the month gets the sender a free beer (or equivalent non-alcoholic beverage, for you non-drinkers) with the editorial team!



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BACK TO BASICS

The PLAYBOY team is in Zambales, having just finished a long shoot involving *lahar* fields, the South China Sea and a water buffalo. Jeri Lee, the star of the show, is exhausted but happy. Her work for the day completed, her energies are currently devoted to attacking a generously sized *halo-halo* while her *tita* makes sure the rest of us get our share of the frozen treat.

"Sorry, I have *halo-halo* in my mouth," laughs the half-Filipina girl from Anaheim, California. Standing at five one and effervescent as a case of Red Bull, the world-renowned model and go-go dancer is unfailingly enthusiastic as she tells us how she got into the modeling game. "I started modeling and doing commercials when I was three, but I stopped going to auditions and castings because it got hard for my mom to keep getting me out of school to go to those things. But she told me that when I was 17, or 18, I could try again - which I did. I got introduced to the Asian import car scene and did my first car show around '03 or '04; it was called International Auto Salon, and it was a really big gig for me. After that, I blew up, I guess, and look where I'm at! Now I do a lot of international modeling, go-go, hosting, things like that."

"I love being here in the Philippines; I have a lot of love for this place. This is my third time back, the first time I came here, that was in '06. I didn't expect anything; I knew nothing about Zambales except that my grandparents, their brothers and sisters, my cousins, they all live here. I didn't expect all this, and I didn't know how beautiful it all was. From my uncle's farm to the South China Sea, the countryside is amazing! I've been to Manila, which is very noisy, very busy, with clubs and bars, but out here, it's country, and it's just beautiful! We own the only ice plant, and everybody knows everybody. But I don't think it's weird, it's just very different from city life. It's not like LA, where everybody thinks they know everybody, but over here, you really do, and it's nice!

Shooting against the breathtaking backdrop of her home province, Jeri was ever the trooper, whether it was posing with an uncooperative *carabao* or romping through a tranquil *lahar* field under the blazing sun, wearing nothing but a smile. Her family was on hand the entire time, helping us out with their knowledge of the area and even suggesting places we could shoot.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FILBERT KUNG
MAKE-UP BY CATS DEL ROSARIO

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"I always have fun with my family, they're very supportive, even if I like running around naked, haha! Some of them are conservative, but no matter what, they're very, very proud of me and they love me."

"This is the first time they've seen me shoot, their first time seeing me entirely naked; but they have my Facebook, they have my magazines and stuff, and I'm sure they Google me, so yeah, it's ok, and I wanted them to see it. I don't hide anything from my family, here and in the States. When I do calendars and photo shoots and stuff, my grandma always sends my magazines here so they know what I'm doing. They're incredibly supportive. They were very happy you guys were coming today, happy to show you some hospitality." And what about Jeri's parents? "My mom is going to be very, very proud, and I'm sure my dad is watching me from Heaven."

"True to form, this petite fireball of energy had a full schedule set to follow her PLAYBOY shoot. "I'm leaving Zambales this evening to catch a flight in Manila, I'm doing a three-day tour with Tila Tequila, it's her Australian tour, we're going to Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney, then I'll be heading home for a month, days before heading out to Egypt for a show, then I'm going straight to Germany." We got jetlag just hearing that, but Jeri wasn't done yet: "I've been to Singapore, Guam, Puerto Rico, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Australia. I've been a lot of places, it's fun, (all this traveling) it's like a vacation! Fun is my job! I have fun everywhere I go, whether it's go-go dancing or traveling or photo shoots. But when I'm not doing anything, I like being at home, being a bum in my pajamas all day, watching *TMZ*, *Lost* and *Wowowee*.

Jeri says, though, that fame takes a lot more maturity than one might expect. "Everybody gets hated on, that's how life is, but I got to say, I love my haters. They're my number one fans. They love to keep it real, I like that they keep up with what I'm doing, and keep talking shit, becuase the only thing coming out of their mouths is my name [laughs.]. I don't let it affect me anymore, but of course when I was a kid, because kids can be cruel, but now I can say, "Fuck you," I'm doing my thing, getting money, making my mom happy, making myself happy, and there you are, just talking shit! There's a lot of weirdos and stalkers out there. Sometimes when I'm on Facebook or MySpace, people can be disgusting. Some people have sick fetishes, and I swear, I hate my feet, but I get messages telling me how pretty my feet are! If you like that, that's fine, but I don't! I always wear high heels, I know I'm a little short! People are always surprised when they see me, because I look tall in my pictures [laughs]!"

Don't worry, Jeri, we doubt anyone will have any issues with your height this time out. (We're not too sure about the water buffalo, though.)



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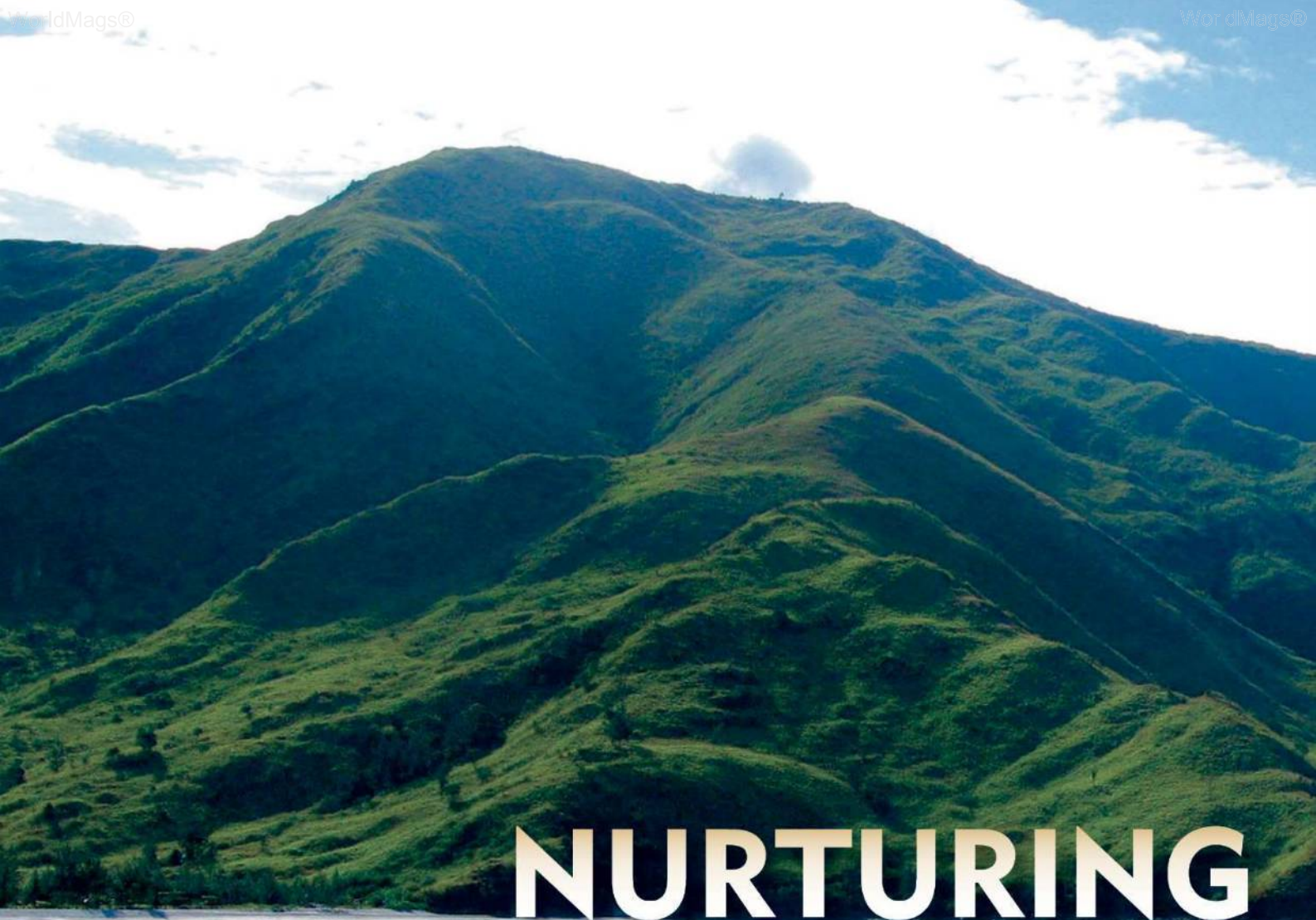
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"I love my haters. They're my number one fans."



NURTURING

An example of the raging forces of nature at work was the one that created the cove of Nagsasa, Zambales, which took its name from the abaca-like wood that was once abundant in the area. The eruption of Mount Pinatubo in the early '90s decimated the entire range of what the local population called *sasa* wood. The resulting ash fall and lahar formed a beautiful beach in its stead. An indigenous tribe of Aetas displaced by the eruption also settled in the area sometime after.

Frequent traveler Melissa Mayangitan and professional diver Ryan Guzman have been to Nagsasa. Both have professed that Nagsasa is the best place they have ever been to in the Philippines. "I think Nagsasa has the best of everything. You get the pine trees, the mountains, the beach and they're all just for you!" Melissa enthused.

Indeed, Nagsasa and similar spots in the Philippines fit that very vision of the everyman paradise: towering mountains and volcanoes, lush vegetation, exotic wildlife, diverse cultures and sizable bodies of water. In fact, Palawan was the inspiration for "the beach" in Alex Garland's eponymous novel. Ultimately, the novel and its movie adaptation starring Leonardo DiCaprio were set instead in Thailand.

Then why was Melissa disappointed when she visited the beaches in Thailand? "It looked like we were in the beaches of Batangas. I kept telling the Europeans and Americans I met there that we have better beaches here," she said. "To which they replied, incredulously, 'Then why are you here in Thailand?'"

Good question. Why were they there, and not in the Philippines?

WORDS BY NIKI YARTE
PHOTOS COURTESY OF MELISSA MAYANGITAN AND RYAN GUZMAN

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PHILIPPINE ECOTOURISM: A DECADE IN THE MAKING

In a local case of 'green'-washing, President Ferdinand Marcos in 1976 sought to transform Calauit Island, Palawan into an African safari. The Caluit Game Preserve and Wildlife Sanctuary not only introduced wildlife not native to the region but also displaced its indigenous people, the Tagbanuas. All of this done in the name of conservation, ecology and tourism.

However, the road to Philippine ecotourism only stretches back to the waning years of the Aquino administration. The Tourism Master Plan of 1991 sought to develop a blueprint for Philippine tourism that encompassed "responsible tourism" and "sustainable development": a first in the ASEAN region. Yet, by 1999, the Philippines ranked fifth among the ASEAN with 2.2 million visitor arrivals, behind Indonesia's 4.3 million while Thailand ranked first at 8.7 million.

Three years later, the Arroyo government included tourism among the three pillars of economic progress, the others being mining and business process outsourcing. To this end, the National Ecotourism Strategy was formulated in 2002, perhaps not coincidentally the International Year of Ecotourism.

Since then, the DOT has designated 32 sites, including 27 protected areas, as prime ecotourism destinations as detailed in the agency's online ecotourism portal (www.ecotourismphilippines.com). The list covers magnificent land (Mount Makiling) and spectacular water features (Tubbataha Reef National Marine Park and World Heritage Site) from extreme north (Batanes Islands) to south (Lake Sebu), from the popular (Hundred Islands National Park) to the obscure (Mt. Guiting-Guiting Natural Park). The website also provides descriptions about each location and other pertinent tourist information, like how to get there, where to stay and what to do.

NAGSASA: A MICROCOSM FOR ECOTOURISM

The list barely scratches the surface of spots frequently visited by travelers. It excluded places like Anawangin and Pundaquit in Zambales and Malapascua, Cebu: spots that are mostly dependent on tour operators to drive tourism.

One such location mentioned earlier is Nagsasa, Zambales. What Ryan does there through his Green Goose tour best realizes the 'sustainable development' aspect of ecotourism. It's a simple philosophy: never forget the community.

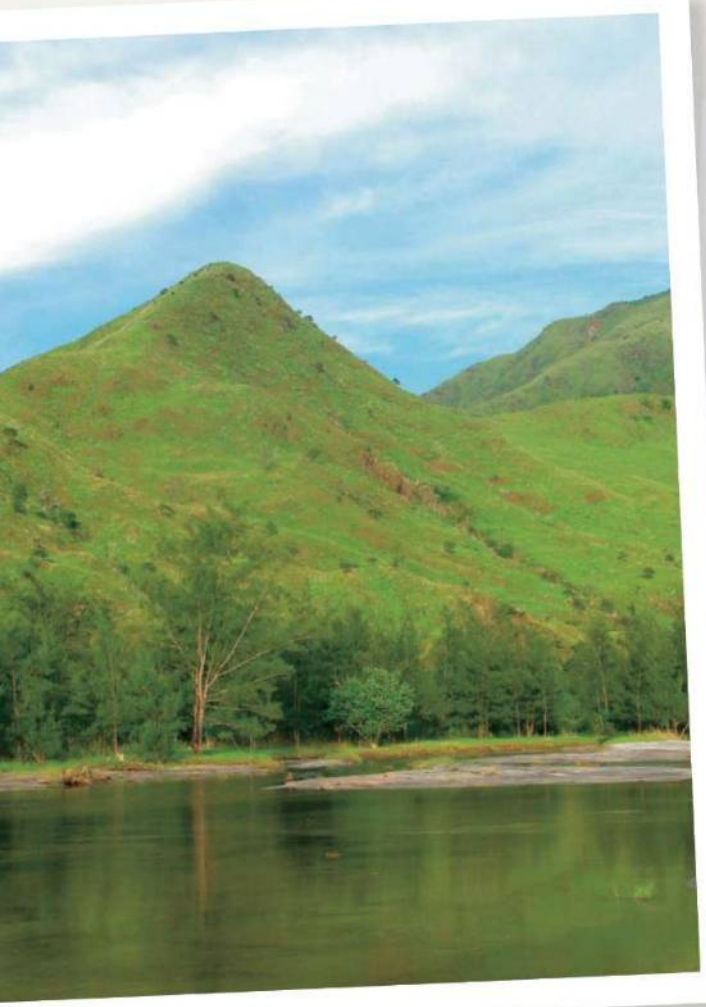
"I bring travelers there but all the money they pay me goes to the community. I only leave enough for my food and fare home," he said. Ryan charges about P2,000 per person, which already covers transportation and food to last an entire day.

Ryan also supports the indigenous population of 35 Aetas that thrive in the area in other ways. "Excess *kanin* (cooked rice) and leftover food from travelers all go back to the community because they can use it," he shared. What of the bottles of beer or soda and tin cans that travelers tend to bring with them on trips? "I leave them too because the community can sell them at the nearest town."

The concept of 'responsible tourism' is similarly not lost on travelers like Melissa: "We learn to pick up after ourselves, because when you're a traveler and you get to see these spectacular places, preservation becomes a personal advocacy for you."

Their efforts have so far yielded tangible results. Before, the only accommodations the locals offered visitors were four tables. There were also no comfort rooms or even a sewage system. Now, the locals have earned enough to build huts, a water tank and two latrines: one for visitors and one for themselves. The community has also organized a cooperative to look after their interests.

Of course, the fable of Nagsasa also had its share of opportunists. "The last time I was there, there was this man who was claiming that he had government papers proving that the





The cove of Nagsasa, Zambales is just one of many 'secret paradises' in the country.

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land belongs to him. What this man wanted was to put up fish pens there. How can you own a land that belongs to indigenous people? The government has a mandate that indigenous lands belong to indigenous people," Ryan explained.

A QUESTION OF POLITICAL WILL

The Indigenous Peoples Rights Act (IPRA) of 1997 posits that "ancestral domains are the indigenous people's private but community property which belongs to all generations and therefore cannot be sold, disposed or destroyed."

Remember the banished Tagbanuas? Just last March, the National Commission on Indigenous Peoples finally returned communal and private ownership of the entire Calauit island and some 50,000 hectares of ancestral waters around it back to its people.

Upholding and enforcing laws that protect natural and cultural interests is key to ecotourism. Even Ryan is quick to admit: "We have a lot of laws pertaining to conservation. We have a problem with enforcement." Thankfully, certain local governments have taken up crusades to protect the country's enviable natural resources. Batangas Governor Vilma Santos-Recto's plight is a recent example.

While fish pens remain an ominous phantom in Nagsasa, they were a real threat to the fertile waters surrounding Taal Volcano. The Bureau of Fisheries and Aquatic Resources reported 12,000 fish cages in Taal Lake, most of them illegal. This was way beyond the acceptable carrying capacity of 6,000 fish cages. Excess feeds from these fish pens polluted the lake so much that populations of endemic fish species like *tawilis* (freshwater sardines) were beginning to disappear. Fisherfolk dependent on the lake for their livelihood have reported sharp declines in both quality and quantity of fish catches caused by the degradation of the lake and blockages to their navigation routes.

Since the crackdown on illegal fish cages that Santos-Recto initiated in July 2008, the number of fish cages has been trimmed down to about 6,000 licensed cages. As a result, fishermen have reported an increase in their daily catches to six kilos and the return of a healthier vibrant Taal Lake.

Much like illegal logging, fish pen operations have become a shady commerce. That shady commerce are invested in local politicians to protect their interests means that it would take a huge amount of political will to enforce laws that should protect the country's natural interests instead.

BORACAY: LESSON LEARNED

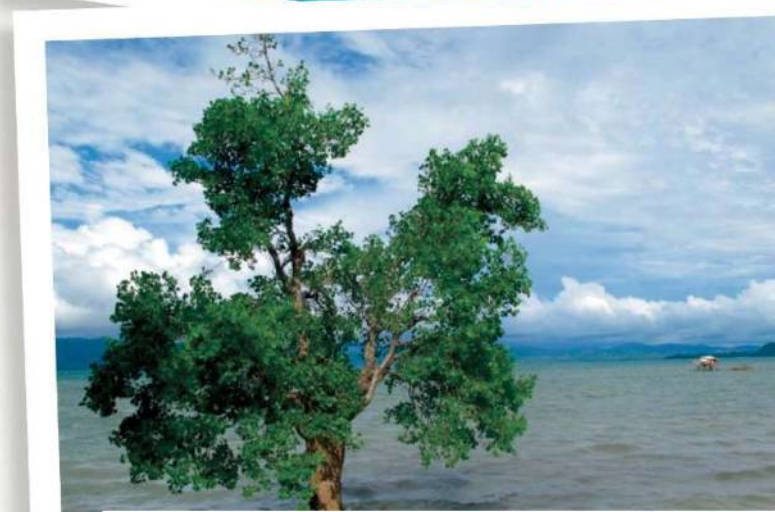
Of course, even the noblest of intentions can have dire consequences. Conspicuous by its absence from the list on www.ecotourismphilippines.com is Boracay, which was already a popular tourist destination years before the NES was developed. By 1997, its famous white-sand beaches were bursting at the seams with tourists. As a result, the improper handling and disposal of human wastes contaminated its waters with coliform bacteria. The next three to four years saw a decline in tourist visits despite public relations effort to convince the world that the water in the island was clean.

That matter would not be sufficiently resolved until 2001 when the Boracay Water and Sewerage System (BWSS) began operations as part of the P600 million Boracay Environmental Infrastructure Project. The BWSS supplies water from nearby Malay, Aklan to Boracay's commercial and residential areas.

Tourism in Boracay has risen since then. In 2009 alone, 4,000 new rooms opened to accommodate guests to the island. Not taking any chances, the Philippine Tourism Authority and the

Heaven for divers is a vast expanse of water and diverse undersea wildlife. From top: Diver Ryan Guzman; Secret Beach, Quezon; a dolphin in Bohol.

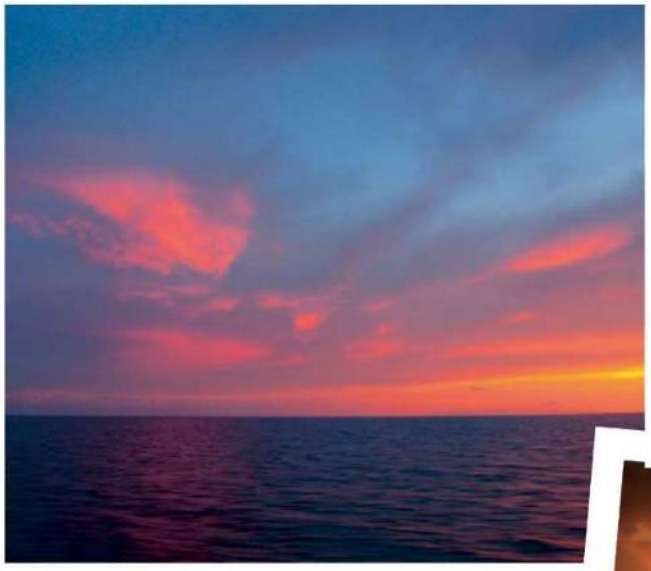






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Picturesque spectacles: the sun setting beyond a wide calm sea. Clockwise from left: the Visayan Sea; Lukang, Quezon; Manila Bay.







Manila Water Company recently set up a joint venture to further develop the BWSS and meet the demands for clean water.

NO STRENGTH IN NUMBERS

While Ryan's advocacy in Nagsasa is the ideal, the story of Boracay is the reality. After all, ecotourism is still a business. One factor that bolstered Boracay's tourism in recent years is the fact that airline companies have made it cheaper for travelers to go there. Another evidence of support from private businesses is the accumulated P555 billion investment in ecotourism from 2004 to 2009. In 2004, the New Zealand government had appropriated P75 million to fund programs related to ecotourism.

By 2007, almost three million international tourists, mostly South Koreans, had brought in close to $5 billion in revenues, surpassing the BPO industry's $2 billion.

One would think then that the Philippines is on its way to beating its ASEAN neighbors in visitor arrivals. Well, not quite. From fifth in 1999, the Philippines slid to sixth place in 2007 behind Vietnam's four million. Malaysia ranked first at 21 million while Thailand moved to second at 15 million.

Two years later, the number of visitors to the Philippines has tripled to close to nine million: still way below Thailand's record. This fact exists despite the country receiving several important distinctions like being the Center of Marine Biodiversity in the World, and being awarded Asia's Most Popular Destination at the 2009 World Travel Fair and the 2009 Ecotourism Destination of the Year by Nature, one of France's biggest travel fairs.

SO, WHAT'S WRONG?

While private citizens, local governments, businesses, and foreign aid are all on board the Philippines' efforts to position itself as a prime ecotourism destination, political forces like the New People's Army in the mountains of Quezon continue to hinder its progress. "I had the experience of diving in Jolo. Unfortunately, I had to secure a permit from the mayor and was provided bodyguards because of Abu Sayyaf presence in the area," Ryan recalled. "It's a shame not many people can visit there because the coral reef is really pristine and there is 'perfectly gin clear' water. You also get to see big fish like big barracudas and sharks and turtles 'cause it's close to Turtle Island!"

In contrast, Thailand's promotion of its tourism, which ironically includes their religious heritage and red light district, kept it from going under in spite of recent political instability in the area. While facing similar challenges, the Philippines is far from replicating Thailand's PR triumph. Even when National Geographic counted the Philippines among its list of 25 Best New Trips for 2010, the magazine pointed out that the country "has a PR problem."

Melissa suggests a creative approach to promoting Philippine ecotourism: "My friend who produced the film *Ploning* (Jourdan Sebastian) says that Thailand actually allots a budget for its films through which it advertises itself as a tourist destination. Their movies alone make you want to go there and see the places yourself."

Despite the issues, the DOT and ecotourism advocates like Melissa and Ryan firmly maintain that the Philippines' picturesque landscape is the closest to Eden. They now urge for Filipinos to see and appreciate their own county. After all, while foreigners only echo David Lee Roth's song that visiting here is "just like living in paradise and I don't want to go home," we proudly call the islands home.

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The CONDOM PROJECT

By Ana Santos

Whoever says you shouldn't take condom advice from a girl hasn't met Joy Lynn Alegarbes.

The feisty New York based Filipina-American is the Global Director for Operations of The Condom Project, whose goal to fight the battle against HIV/AIDS through culture-sensitive programs to de-stigmatize condoms and educate communities about their efficacy in HIV prevention.

Joy Lynn's role requires her to travel around the 10 countries where TCP is present to teach and educate people about condoms and safer sex practices using art and group interaction.

You have to wonder how one qualifies for such a job and what kind of experience you need.

Joy Lynn traces what she calls her genesis, interestingly enough, to a Phallic Food Festival she attended during her freshman year at New York University.

"It was a dinner of sexually suggestive foods—melons, hot dogs & buns, ice cream, cherries—followed by a safer sex workshop conducted by a another student from NYU's Center for Health Promotion." Joy Lynn recalls.

"I felt so drawn to the format of gathering over food, asking honest questions and sharing clear and accurate information. It was dialogue that was so often stigmatized in other situations that I applied to become a Sexual Health Advocate."

She supplemented her training by joining the HIV/AIDS theater group of the American Red Cross in her community. Joy Lynn then began facilitating condom workshops about safer sex practices and the use of sex toys within her academic community.

After graduation, Joy Lynn went on to work for *Condomania*, the first condom store in the US, to offer a full range of condoms and safer sex products along with educational materials advocating their proper use.

Adding to her knowledge with her own self-study, Joy Lynn developed Condomania's outreach program about safer sex which grew to a national level. "My workshop started getting the attention of the likes of MTV, The Discovery Channel and Fox News," says Joy Lynn, and when she joined The Condom Project in 2004, she want on to conquer the world.

"My condom workshop developed an international scope, with sections that were easily malleable to include culturally specific information from the countries in which I was presenting it. The United Nations Population Fund began utilizing my workshop to educate United Nations Population Fund (UNFPA) staff at headquarters in NYC."

Joy Lynn's passion and untiring efforts to position condoms as an effective tool to prevent and curb STDs and HIV continues to be noticed. Her most recent achievement was her condom workshop being filmed and translated in other languages.

"And now, my little condom workshop that could has been filmed in the six official United Nations languages and will present itself once again, along with a culturally-specific set of female condom animations, to the international community in Vienna, Austria," Joy Lynn says happily.

PLAYBOY caught up with Joy Lynn as she was wrapping up the filming of her condom workshop and traveling between New York and Vienna for the International AIDS Conference in July to ask her just about everything you need and want to know about condoms.

Any other girl would be in the hot seat when it comes to talking about the love glove, but as you can see, Joy Lynn is not at all your typical girl. Factual and knowledgeable, rather

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than squeamish; direct to the point and nary a run around, Joy Lynn will give the low down on the love glove.

Are rubbers really made of rubber?

The most common types of condoms are made of latex or synthetic materials like polyurethane.

What do I do if a condom breaks?

Sometimes condoms break. However, in the unlikely event of a condom breaking, it is often due to human error rather than manufacturer defect. People often report hearing a "pop" when a condom breaks, though this is unlikely if the condom fits properly and you are using it correctly.

- The best way to avoid breakage is to, first of all, store your condoms in a cool, dry place—not in your car or in your wallet. Too much heat or friction can damage a condom even before you take it out of its package.
- Make sure that you are using a condom that fits you properly—condoms that are too small have a higher risk of breakage, and condoms that are too big have a danger of slipping off during sexual intercourse.
- Before opening a condom, check the expiration date printed on the package and check the package for any holes or tears. If the expiration date has passed, or the package has been damaged, throw it away and begin again with a new condom. Again, check the expiration date, check the package for holes, then open the package carefully with your fingers.
- Do not use your teeth or any sharp object because this could damage the condom. Take the condom out of its package, then pinch it at the tip and unroll it to the base of the penis.
- If your condoms are kept in a cool, dry and secure place, you can always check the expiration date and check the package for tears prior to sexual activity; I would still recommend giving the package a little squeeze before opening it, just to check for an air pocket and ensure the condom's integrity immediately before using it.
- If you are using an additional lubricant, always make sure that the lubricant is compatible with the type of condom you are using. Using the wrong type of lubricant can also damage a condom.
- If a condom breaks during sexual activity, pull out quickly and wash yourselves with soap and water—clean any bodily fluids away from the vulva and penis. Before resuming sexual activity, put on a new condom.
- Contact a healthcare provider as soon as possible if you have any concerns about STIs or unintended pregnancy.

If you are not sure if a condom has broken, take a moment to stop and check—as the old adage says, it's better to be safe than sorry. To learn what it feels like when a condom breaks, men can purposely break condoms while masturbating to become familiar with the sensation.

Latex condoms are easy to find and provide the most variety—they are available in different sizes, shapes, textures, colors, flavors, and even with enhanced lubricants.

Some people are latex-sensitive, or have an allergy to latex. If this is the case, then condoms made out of synthetic materials are the best option.

Synthetic condoms were once made exclusively from polyurethane, a hypoallergenic material that is heat-conductive and warms to your body temperature. Should polyurethane come in contact with an oil-based substance, it will still remain intact (unlike latex).

The downsides to polyurethane condoms are that they are quite expensive, they do not have the same elasticity as their latex counterparts and there has not been a full testing regiment in place to acquire hard data on their preventative properties.

Despite these issues, polyurethane condoms made their debut due to the strong need to provide non-latex options for condom users. But in recent years, the technology has improved to better meet the needs of people who are latex-sensitive.

If you are latex-sensitive but still need to guard against sexually transmitted infections, then condoms made of synthetic materials are your best option.

Are condoms really made from animal intestine lining?

Condoms can also be made from animal products, such as lambskin. Lambskin condoms are actually made from a naturally-occurring pouch in the intestines of sheep. They are lubricated with a jelly-type lubricant and have pores that are small enough to contain sperm cells, but too large to stop the cells that cause sexually transmitted infections, including HIV.

Although lambskin condoms are effective in pregnancy prevention, they are not to be used to prevent sexually transmitted infections, such as HIV.

If you would like to try a lambskin condom, you should:
1) be in a monogamous, heterosexual relationship
2) have the same definition of "monogamy" as your partner, and
3) be tested and knowledgeable about your STD status.

I definitely recommend using latex condoms - they are widely available and (as previously stated) come in a variety of sizes, shapes, colors, textures, flavors and even with enhanced lubricants.

Ribbed, dotted: what's the difference?

Condoms with ribs, dots or other pleasurable meshes can add a titillating texture to your sexual experience. These condoms can have texture along the outside for the receptive partner, the inside for the penetrative partner or on both the inside and outside of the condom.

Just because one condom does not feel right for you or your partner, it does not mean that all condoms will feel that way. I always encourage people to experiment with different types of condoms - varieties are available to suit your body's size and shape, the type of sex you enjoy, and are even made in many of your favorite colors and flavors.

Do condoms really lessen sensation?

Condom technology has truly come a long way. One very important factor when it comes to sensation is providing the opportunity for increased friction and movement. I often recommend adding a little bit of lubricant directly to the head of the penis or on the inside of the condom's tip just before putting it on; this will allow the condom to have more opportunity for movement around the glans or the head, which has the highest concentration of nerves in the penis.

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One of the most exciting innovations in pleasure is the advent of accessories like vibrating condom rings, designed to create a more intense experience for both partners by providing intimate vibrations during sexual intercourse.

After rolling the condom down to the base of the penis, you can pull the vibrating condom ring down on top and position it in any way that you and your partner find pleasurable. These rings have a small battery and motor enclosed in a soft, textured casing. You can pair these rings with any type of condom to find the pleasure combination that is just right for you and your partner.

How do the additives of scent, flavor and color of a condom add to pleasure?

If you or your partner dislike the smell and taste of your average latex condom, try using condoms that are flavored and/or scented. Designed for protection during oral sex, varieties include fruit flavors, such as strawberry, mango, lychee and durian; or even flavors like corn, coffee, chocolate and ice cream.

I do not usually recommend using flavored condoms for vaginal sex, because the flavored lubricant may be an irritant for some women. However if you are going to have vaginal intercourse and a flavored condom is the only protection that you have, then by all means use it!

Condoms are also available in a variety of colors. A condom's color will sometimes correspond with its flavor or scent, such as brown for chocolate or yellow for banana; but colored condoms are often made just for fun. Condoms that glow in the dark are also a popular option. But take care when purchasing these condoms because some varieties are "for novelty use only," which means that they do not necessarily prevent unintended pregnancy or STDs. I always recommend reading the condom's package so that you know exactly what you're getting.

Just to be perfectly clear, I strongly recommend using a new condom for every sex act: one condom for oral sex, a new condom for anal sex, a new condom again for vaginal sex etc. It is also very important to use a condom during the entire sex act from start to finish to maximize protection from unintended pregnancy and STDs.

Condoms can be used as sex toys

Condoms can have many benefits beyond prevention. Some condoms are designed to create more sensation for both partners, simply because of the way they are shaped.

The spiral-shape of some condoms are newer developments in the realm of shape. They can be unrolled in any position (there is no need to orient any side in relation to the glans) and resemble the shape of a conch shell; these condoms create a spring-action movement, further increasing stimulation for both partners.

Certain condoms are designed to enhance sensation simply by the way they are shaped. Remember, the highest concentration of nerves in the penis is at the glans (the head). Almost any condom that flares or makes extra room around the head will provide increased sensation, often for both partners. Adding lubricant to the inside of the condom can also greatly heighten sensitivity for the wearer.

What difference do condoms that are labelled as "extra thin" make? Does being extra thin mean they are also more prone to breakage?

Just because a condom is "extra thin" does not necessarily mean that it is prone to breakage. For example, Japanese-made condoms are considered around the globe to be some of the strongest and most reliable sheaths, giving them the bragging rights to boast that they are the closest thing to "nothing at all."

Stopping to put on a condom doesn't have to ruin the momentum!

The best advice I can give for people who find condoms a party pooper is to make putting it on an activity that you can both enjoy! Just because you're not the one wearing the condom does not mean that you can't help to put it on—add a little bit of lubricant directly to the head of the penis, pinch the tip of the condom, and use strokes of your hand (concentrating on the glans) to unroll it until it reaches the base.

Asia is not only the home of the thinnest latex condom on the planet (the Okamoto 0.03), but they have harnessed the technology to produce the thinnest polyurethane condom as well (the Sagami Original 0.02).

Bear in mind, though, that thin is not the only way to go for seekers of heightened sensation. Thicker condoms can also increase stimulation for both partners - innovations in uniquely shaped condoms are a prime example.

Does size really matter when choosing condoms?

Condoms are available in a snugger, slimmer fit, and a standard size or a larger, roomier fit. Statistically, it has been shown that 80% of men will fit into a standard size condom. Of the remaining 20% -10% of men need a snugger-fit condom, and 10% actually need a larger-fit condom.

Although only 10% of men need a larger-sized condom, 30% of men will try to buy a larger-sized condom; this is why many larger-sized condoms are slightly tapered at the base. I always encourage people to experiment - find the condom that most comfortably fits your body shape for maximum pleasure and to ensure that it does not slip off or become damaged during use.

Using lubricant can not only increase sensation, but it can also reduce the risk of condom breakage. Lubricant facilitates penetration and is great for any type of anal play because the vagina lubricates itself, but the anus does not. Lubricant will also help to strengthen your condoms, helping to keep them supple and elastic.

Lubricant can offer many more sensations than just your regular bodily fluid – there are lubricants that cool and tingle, lubricants that warm to the touch and flavored lubricants that can be used as body toppings or for oral sex.

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GOD IS ON OUR SIDE

We explore the devotion to the Black Nazarene of Quiapo through the eyes of three people who have experienced, in one way or another, his power.

BY KARL R. DE MESA



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> One night the Senyor came to her in a dream.... She dreamt of a tall dark-skinned man in red and gold robes. His face was radiant and smiling.

The Feast of the Black Nazarene in Quiapo, Manila, is a scene of mayhem and religion in action.

It happens yearly, every January 9th. Thousands of people flock to Plaza Miranda, in front of the Basilica, to see one of two occasions when the image of the Nuestro Padre Jesus Nazareno, whom devotees fondly call "Senyor," is brought out and paraded through the inner city streets. On such occasions, the Church environs look like the setting for a sold-out, if solemn, rock concert.

This is the story of three people who all share faith in the Nazarene. Though they all approach their faith on different terms, they were all at the Feast on January 9, 2004. Listen.

THE TAILOR OF GOD

Susan Lleses is 47 years old. She is a full-time housewife, a mother of two and a recovering leukemic. She is also a part-time seamstress of Santo Niños, Mother Marys and other holy images. But her needle and thread talents are especially reserved for the Black Nazarene of Quiapo, of whom she is a pious devotee.

She has been sewing for just six years but before that her mother (before she regretfully passed away) had been doing it all her life. "So," she surmises, "that's about 60 years between the two of us."

We go over to a big, antique cabinet tucked in a corner of her house. Inside, she picks out a large object wrapped in a plastic bag. From it she unfurls a magnificent, maroon robe made of velvet, studded with gold lace and pearl buttons, filled with embroidery like delicate spider webs. It's seven feet long, exactly the height of the Senyor, and trails down past her feet. Even the film of dust can't dim its beauty.

Lleses' devotion to the Senyor began in 1988 when she was first diagnosed with leukemia. Her mother, already a devotee, suggested that she go and pray to the Senyor. "When I went to the church my mother and the other devotees were dressing up the Senyor. Suddenly, I started to cry and shiver. I asked my mother why I was crying so uncontrollably," Lleses says. "`That's because He has accepted you,' my mother replied."

One night the Senyor also came to her in a dream. That night she dreamed of a tall, dark-skinned man in red and gold robes. His face was radiant and smiling. This is a common story among new devotees: of the Nazareno coming to visit them in their dreams.

However, she was still sick, and to top it off she also got pregnant the next year. It was a dark time. "So I was both sick and pregnant," she acknowledges. "Throughout this, every Friday, I was praying the rosary, walking from the door of the church to the Senyor on my knees, petitioning for mercy and health."

There came a point that she decided she wanted the child removed, instead of delivering it into what would be an assuredly fragile and sickly life. But her doctor wouldn't hear any of it. "He wanted me to fight for the child. So that's what I did."

She gave birth in 1990. It was on a Saturday, she recalls, and her leukemia steadily stabilized after the harrowing labor. That was seven years ago, and although she still isn't completely cured she considers it a far cry from the painful and daily radiation treatments she had to undergo back then.

She calls out to her daughter, and there in front of me stands a prepubescent child with the glowing skin and beatific face of an angel. This is the child she had borne from that labor.

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The making of the Senyor's detail-intensive dress is more of an intuitive process than anything else. Lleses explains: "[I start] with a doodle. Then, when it starts to get some focus, I draw whatever comes to mind. We then finalize a basting design on Manila paper. When I see the kind of cloth that I want–usually velvet–I buy it. All we have are patterns."

"His clothes for the January 9 Feast are very special," she smiles, nodding excitedly, "The glitziest and the most attractive. The designs are usually quite full of embroidery and the clothes are made to wrap all around as opposed to regular days when only His front is dressed."

Lleses insists that "it's a pure Catholic thing, the devotion to the Senyor." She adds that what most of the devotees want is just to be left alone with their faith, to be free to worship the Senyor on his or her own terms. Sometimes the diocese and the devotees clash in their methods on how best to manage the worship and devotion to the Senyor. For a time, in 2003, this rift threatened to tear apart the 200-year-old devotion, but it has since been resolved.

On the Feast of 2004, Susan Lleses stands atop the stage made for the Feast and waves her white kerchief as the Nazareno, on his wheeled carozza, starts to move.

THE BISHOP

The Most Reverend Bishop Teodoro J. Buhain, Jr. DD has had to learn many things on the fly. As General Manager of Radyo Veritas in the early 1980's, he had to take a crash course in communications. When 1985 came about it was medical management, when he was made Chairman of the Management Committee of the Cardinal Santos Memorial Hospital. And in 1999 it was the workings of inner city life he had to study, the year he was entrusted the diocese of Quiapo Church.

Police parlance would most likely state that he had to "up his street IQ." Still, in all previous situations, he excelled remarkably where others would have folded like origami from the pressure and brief preparation.

The Bishop is tall and wiry. His grey hair is cropped close enough to his scalp to be both practical and fashionable. When he speaks it is with an instructive authority that clashes with his animated face. A face that, during our interview, vacillated from child-like awe, an academic's experienced confidence, jolly perturbation, to the look of a man who has just been told that they've crashed on an alien planet and that the natives are far from friendly.

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So he certainly appears savvy enough to scope out the scene, listen and gather facts before he takes the ropes himself. "In many ways I am happy about my work [in Quiapo church]," he explains with a wry smile. "I must say I did not ask for it. I did not even dream I would be assigned here."

The Bishop, when asked about the Church's stance towards the devotion, can find no fault with its decidedly short-cut, inarticulate Catholicism. "Faith has an intellectual component, but it also has a component of trust which is more than intellectual. Now maybe in the intellectual component of their faith many of the parishioners and the devotees leave much more that they should know. But in terms of trust, in terms of telling the Nazareno, `Look, you may do with me what you like,' by God, I cannot, for the life of me, find fault in that! It's just that their intellectual component leaves much [to be desired]." 'Intellectual' meaning many devotees, most of whom hail form the urban poor who have deficient reading and writing skills, and may not be aware of many things about the holy Nazareno.

The truth is that the Black Nazarene isn't an indigenous conception. The original Black Nazarene was a real cult in Mexico with its own legendary story. Another Mexican sculptor fashioned our image of the Black Nazarene and sent it here, arriving on an Acapulco-Manila galleon in 1606. It was then enshrined in Intramuros and then transferred later to Quiapo.

The Nazareno's resiliency and fortitude also adds to its mystique. It has survived numerous fires (especially the great fire of 1930) and quakes. But the story that devotees like to tell is about how the image survived, unscathed, while the whole of Quiapo burned down around the Senyor's ears in a hail of bombs and bullets in World War 2's Battle for the Liberation of Manila.

Scholars have a simpler explanation: the image in Quiapo today is not the original. Wood and aluminum isn't very hardy, and true enough the image that the devotees bring out every January 9 and Good Friday is a fairly new one, with only the head of the original attached to it to stand in as proxy.

On Feast day, though, nobody cares about this irrelevant subject. It reminds the Bishop about what his professor in Philosophy said to him about finding one's direct and personal relationship with God.

He said to the Bishop, "Look, you know these people who are making *punas* to the statue? If that is the person's only link with God, by preventing them from doing that you are depriving them of their only link. How would you like that on your conscience?"

So when people tell him that devotional rituals, like touching the feet and hands of the Nazareno statue, should be forbidden, he shakes his head and asks why it's wrong. "After all, there was a woman who touched the hem of Jesus' garments and she was cured. And we Filipinos are a very touchy people," the Bishop says as he taps the table before him.

The Bishop can't forget the first time he stood atop the church's balcony and witnessed the Feast. Like many who first behold the thousand-footed, electric spectacle, he was in awe. He says: "If I, a human being, am so moved by their faith and trust and confidence that I would do anything for them, *ang* Nazareno *pa kaya*?"

On the Feast of 2004, Bishop Buhain stands on that same balcony and blesses the eager crowd, dousing them with holy water as he holds his scapular.

THE DEVOTEE

"You get the hang of it," shrugs Desiderio Salvador as he surveys the huge turnout at the Feast of 2004. Salvador used to be the president of the Comite de Festejos. He'd previously organized the monstrous affair that is the Feast for 16 years.

Salvador and his partners always try to impose a semblance of control to the event. It is futile. So what they do is set up an uber-planner's dream of paramedic teams, coordination with the local police detachment, the bomb squad, the mayor's marshals, about 20 roving security guards and an army of church volunteers.

Salvador used to be one of the young men in the crowd. He also used to be with the Coast Guard, though he is mostly known as a collector and keeper of the Senyor's artifacts. He has the only surviving documentation of the Nazareno's history from before WW2. He also has a copy of the papal bull that was enshrined under the church's foundation and various other gewgaws that range from the miraculous (a lock of the Senyor's hair) to the trivial (a cotton ball he had wiped on the Senyor and cured him of a past ailment).

Now, in his late 50's, Salvador only participates through the Comite. We could call Salvador the quintessential devotee. Since 1909, his family has been a resident of Quiapo. Like his district nativeness, Salvador's forebears also passed on to him their faith in the Senyor: all five generations of them.

"Everyone has a personal reason to be here," Salvador gestures to encompass the anxious crowd.

Faith, after all, is still a private affair. Even if you can't drop a pin on Feast day, the heart of the practice isn't joining the crowd: it's the yearning for a benevolent

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> The truth is that the Black Nazarene isn't an indigenous conception. The original was a real cult in Mexico with its own legendary story.

force bigger than yourself. The Senyor fills this religious hunger like a boundless fount.

Though the Church and its priests may call it a "simple faith," it is one that bears more resemblance to shamanic motifs of old rather than saintly veneration.

FAITH AND THE CITY

The exact date of the first miracle the Nazareno performed was lost in the fires that have ravaged Manila and the church through the centuries. One thing is certain, though: He performed miracles. Effective ones. The people kept coming back and it was only a matter of time before a group devoted to its worship was formed. Today, all devotees (wherever they are based) have participated in or at least attended the Feast once in their life.

This is tradition. It is only one of two occasions, when the seven-foot high image of the skin-blackened Christ bearing a cross is brought out from the Church and paraded through the district. Participants in the Feast number from a low end of 100,000 to a high end of 500,000 (in the narrow streets of Quiapo this becomes no laughing matter). The procession begins at anytime past 2:30PM but devotees gather around Plaza Miranda and the Basilica area as early as 3AM.

What exactly happens in the Feast bears resemblance to many ecstatic rituals found the world over. Salvador stands on the roof of his makeshift office beside the Plaza Miranda stage and speaks into his walkie-talkie, giving out terse orders.

At a little past 12PM the Bishop and his priests stand on a balcony above the parish office and anoint the congregation with holy water, while everybody sings "Cordero ng Dios" in a slow, solemn tone.

Different shirts denote allegiances to different organizations, estandartes that proclaim these group names are repaired and fixed and then drift back ready into the crowd like war banners.

They come from everywhere, even overseas. A Japanese tourist couple stands underneath the balcony, euphorically crying their eyes out like bona fide devotees as the Bishop showers them with holy water.

When the church gates finally open a few minutes before 3PM you can hear the collision as the crowd and the carozza rush to meet each other. Then, everyone in the sea of multitudes raises their hands, waves their white towels and shouts, "Viva! Viva El Señor!" It is the voice of legion given a palpable, jubilant singularity. This sound rises. And rises and rises.

Blink and you might miss the Senyor's movement. Children are raised on shoulders or put on higher ground for them to catch a glimpse. People jostle and are crushed, towels are thrown up to the small cluster of marshals atop the *carozza,* who dutifully wipe them on the image's face or hand then throw them back down. The ropes that pull and stabilize the Senyor's wheeled carriage twists and snakes its way through the multitudes. All this while thousands try to close in and touch the Senyor.

As the *carozza* fades out of view into Villalobos Street, Desiderio Salvador smiles wanly, exhaustedly at another year accomplished. "The only thing we want," he confesses, "is for tradition to be maintained."

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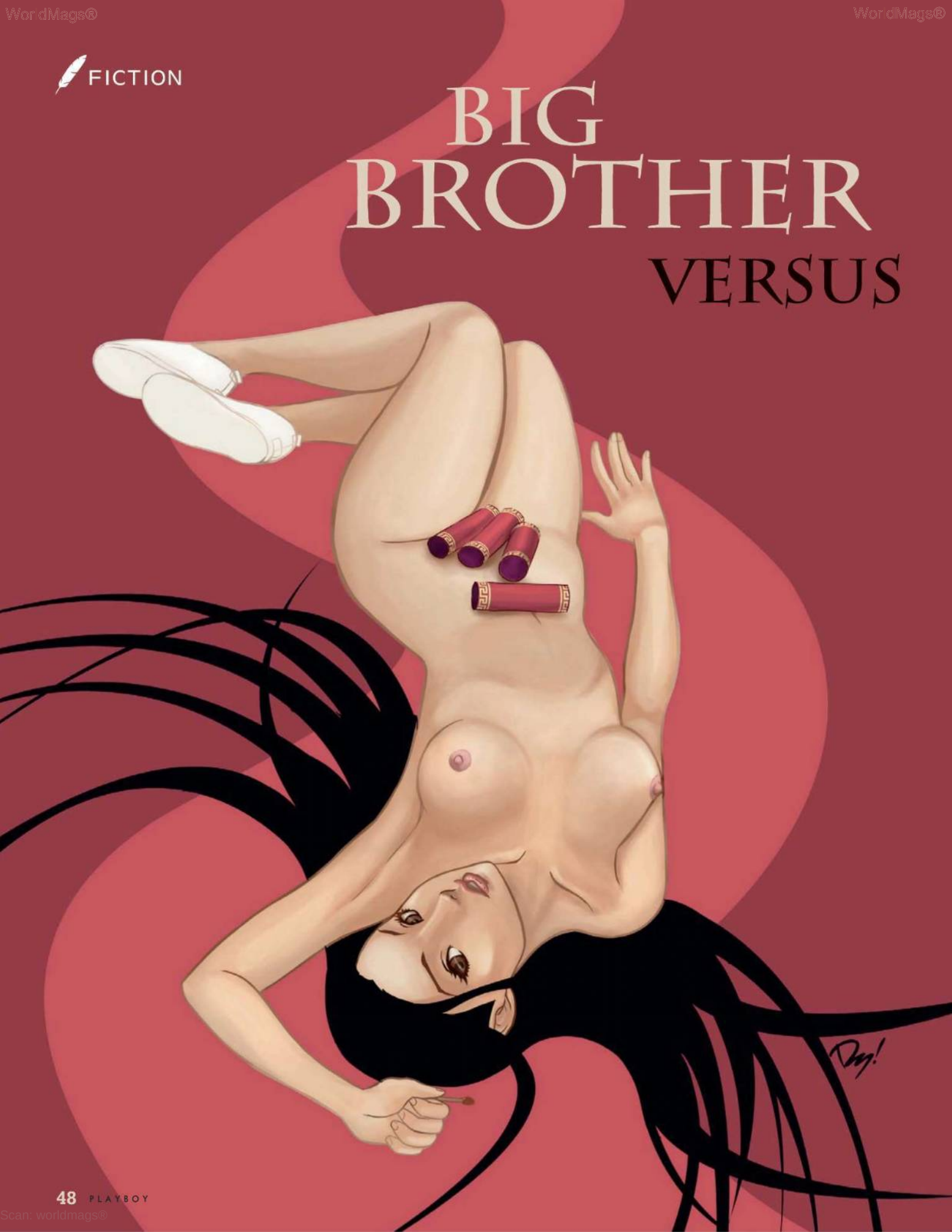
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THE FIRECRACKER GIRL

By Raymond G. Falgui

No one in our family lighted firecrackers on New Year's Eve.

That was unusual enough, given that we lived in a neighborhood that loved noisemakers. Forget *luces*, baby rockets, or *watusi*; in our neighborhood, it was always the heavy stuff: *triangulo*, *kwitis*, whistlebomb, and, of course, the *sinturon ni Hudas* or Judas Belt. Our neighborhood sounded like a war zone every New Year's Eve. (One of our balikbayan cousins once locked himself in the bathroom during one particularly noisy New Year, thinking it was a coup; afterwards, the smoke was so thick it was possible to walk down the middle of the street and get lost.) The next day, at lunch, Big Brother would provide us with a casualty report: old Tinio next door lost three fingers; one of the daughters of the Chinese family who lived across the street lost four of her toes.

It was Big Brother who told us these things, because he was the one who never let us use firecrackers.

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He woke up in a hospital bed.

He woke up confused.

At first, he didn't know why he was confused.

He wasn't confused because he woke up in a hospital bed – he knew that much. He knew exactly what had happened to him and what he'd done: he'd disobeyed Big Brother and played with firecrackers.

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Big Brother was our family's pet name for Kuya Migz, the eldest of us five children. The nickname came from the book, by the way, not the television show. Paolo, born one year after me, had to read the book in high school and realized that Orwell was writing about a real person. But whether in the book or on the television show, Big Brother was all-powerful – and so was Kuya Migz. We were a family ruled by the eldest sibling, the firstborn son; in time, even my parents came to recognize his authority.

My mother and father continue to flirt and tease each other like teenagers even as they head into their sixties. They run their own "consulting company," doing something so vague and insubstantial that I remain as confused today about what they actually do for a living as when I was little. Notwithstanding the insubstantial nature of their work (or perhaps because of it), they work hard, bouncing from one project to the next, keeping the most irregular hours, and repeatedly trying to collect from their (I imagine) reluctant clients to keep both business and family afloat. I suspect they would have worked less (and earned more) if they'd found "real jobs," but I also suspect they preferred the precarious nature of their family business because they did it together.

But what was good for their marriage was not so good for the rest of us. I don't remember them being home for any considerable length of time (though they must have been home during those times after we children were born – I say "they," by the way, because even then they never left each other's side: when my mother stayed home, my father stayed home with her; when he left, she went with him). As we emerged from babyhood, our parents resumed their lifestyle, and we were often left in the dubious care of our relatives. When it was just Kuya Migz and myself, that particular relative was Tito Walter.

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Tito Walter was a drunk (I use the past tense because he died seven or eight years ago: he fell asleep by the side of the road and a speeding jeepney ran over him). In the mornings when he was supposed to be "taking care" of us, he'd sleep on the couch. In the afternoons, he'd leave the gate open during his runs to the sari-sari store for Ginebra (Tito Walter looked down on people who drank beer); it was a miracle no one ever entered the house during those times.

My earliest childhood memory came from the time I was under Tito Walter's care. I am unusual given that I can remember things from very early on: I was about one year old, and about to put my hand on the spiky, grass-green caterpillar that had slowly, patiently crawled its way from the garden towards the open door where I sat - watching its progress ever since its bright colors caught my eye, waiting in rising anticipation as it made its way towards me. It is a gift for me, I thought, or at least that's the way the adult-me remembers the baby-me thinking. I reached out my hand for my gift – even at two, I am sure I already knew what a gift was.

When I was older, Big Brother told me that I picked up the caterpillar and actually touched my nose to it. I don't remember that, though. All I remember is the caterpillar coming towards me, a wrapped present walking on tiny legs. My next memory after that is crying—screaming, actually—as the pain spread from my hands to my arms, from my nose to the rest of my face.

Then—WHAPPAO!

Don't laugh at my sound effects – that's what I remember. The sound was shocking enough that I opened my eyes and stopped crying. Big Brother was beside me, stomping furiously at something I could not see. Whenever he put his foot down, I heard that sound again—WHAPPAO!

Then, before I could start crying again, I was being carried in his thin scrawny arms, my head cradled against his bony chest.

"No crying, Sara," he said. "No crying."

If you look at our family pictures today, what I'm describing sounds impossible. I was the fattest baby in the family – at one, I had all my baby fat and then some. Kuya Migz would have been around five at the time, and all the pictures of Kuya Migz at five show a toothpick of a kid (my mother says it was because he had worms, something Big Brother denies until today). It seems impossible to imagine that scrawny five-year old lifting and carrying the "Lady Buddha," but I remember it as clearly as the caterpillar.

He did it to stop me from crying.

Big Brother ran through the house carrying me, shouting for Tito Walter. That was a mistake, for Tito Walter was nowhere around. Realizing this at last, he ran out the open gate to Tinio's house, where Tinio's wife (or maybe one of his older daughters), put some kind of ointment on my hands and face. When we got back home, we had to bang on the gate to get Tito Walter to let us in – he hadn't even known that we were gone.

As I said, that was my earliest childhood memory, but I believe Big Brother remembers it as vividly as I do – though for a different reason. I suspect that was when he first realized that we were on our own, and that he would have to take charge.



He realized what he was confused about: he didn't know what was worse.

At first, he'd taught the pain was the worst thing.

Then came the awful itching. The itching was so bad that he repeatedly slammed his bandaged hand against the wall in an attempt to make the itching stop by bringing the pain back.

Then the doubt returned, and he realized he didn't need to be confused anymore: the doubt was the worst thing.

He turned his head and looked at the get-well presents. They'd all dropped by to visit – his parents, Dinny, Paolo, Sara, even Big Brother – everyone except for her. If she didn't come, it would all be for nothing.



Most five-year olds would have been overwhelmed by the responsibility of being left home alone to take care of a two-year old little sister (myself) and a one-year old little brother (Paolo). Or most five year olds would have made a mess of it, ensuring that their parents would never again do something so irresponsible as to leave their children on their own.

But Big Brother took to the responsibility of being in charge as if he was born to it. Nothing bad happened the first time, the next time, or the time after that, and so in time my parents got used to the idea leaving Big Brother in charge of their growing brood of children (after Paolo came Dinny and Francis). By the time Dinny (number four) was born, none of our relatives came to take care of us anymore – we didn't need them to.

His nose was awake even though the rest of him still slept. His nose smelled something good—it smelled her! It smelled the strange but intoxicating scent combination of astringent soap and baby powder that always attached itself to her.

By abdicating their responsibilities, my parents also abdicated their power in the family.

Big Brother slowly took over, and he did it by doing the one thing our parents could not or would not do – raise us. On those many nights when our parents had a "late night strategy session" with one of their clients, it was Big Brother who made sure everyone ate on time, did their assignments, and were tucked into

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bed before eleven. He sent Paolo to the sari-sari store down the street for needed supplies, assigned me as substitute cook whenever the food was lacking, and kept the television unplugged except on Fridays and weekends. He was the first one up in the mornings, making sure everyone was dressed and got to school in time. He also decided who would have to skip school on certain days, in order to take care of the "babies". (First Paolo, then Dinny, then Francis; I still resent it that Big Brother never considered me one of the "babies.")

Paolo and I were already in high school when our parents finally understood that their prerogatives had been usurped. That was when they started to see that it was not to them we turned to when it came time to ask permission to go to a party, or request extra money for a project in school. For those things, we asked Big Brother. My parents tried to fight this, of course, but if any of us had ever been spoiled by Big Brother, it was my parents. He kept things running smoothly, making it easy for them to continue doing what they wanted to do. My father got used to handing Big Brother a small or thick roll of peso bills (depending on how well the "consulting business" was going) at the start of the week, then letting him budget that amount for our needs. The one time my parents seriously tried to regain control – by keeping hold of the family purse strings – turned out a total and unmitigated disaster. During those two or three weeks, my father handed out the cash himself – and it was all gone by Wednesday. He had no idea what was necessary or what could be done without, what had to be bought immediately or delayed until necessary. At the end of that "experimental" period of parental governance, the family was witness to the sobering sight of my father humbly asking Big Brother to take charge of the budget again.

After that, it was finally clear to my parents (it had been clear to us children all along) that Big Brother was the one running things.

He took over, like most dictators do, because he offered discipline and order – something that was sorely lacking in our lives (and the lives of our parents).

In return, all he wanted was what all dictators wanted: complete and total obedience.

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He woke up with his eyes closed. He didn't know if that was possible, but he knew that he was awake and his eyes were closed.

Something had awakened him. What was it?

It was his nose.

His nose was awake even though the rest of him still slept. His nose smelled something good—it smelled her! It smelled the strange but intoxicating scent combination of astringent soap and baby powder that always attached itself to her.

He had learned to love that smell. Perhaps it helped that his nose was always nuzzling against her creamy, clear skin when he smelled it.

The next thing to wake up was his flesh. She ran the tips of her fingers lightly across his chest – they started just below his neck, then worked their way downwards, only to stop teasingly at his stomach, refusing to go any lower.

Then her hand slid up to his chest again. He felt her nails through his hospital gown as her fingers traced hypnotic half-circles around his hardening right nipple.

That wasn't the only part of him that was getting hard, but he kept his eyes shut, determined to make the game last as long as he could.

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Big Brother is always right.

Every ruler needs an ideology, and that was my brother's.

We hated him for this, of course. Neither did it help his popularity among his siblings that he was, in fact, always right.

Big Brother was right about my *aktibista* boyfriend in high school, for example. That was during my "rebellious" phase, and I was proud of the way my boyfriend's long hair and Mao Zedong cap turned my classmates green with envy and turned the nuns red with fury. One of the nuns told Big Brother. (I suspect Sister Theresa, who liked to slap our hands with her ruler in grade school – and kept on slapping them when we got to high school.) I don't know what happened next, but I suspect physical intimidation and violence were involved. The last time I saw my soon-to-be ex-boyfriend was on a bus going to Makati. When I waved to him to join me, he jumped out of the bus into the moving traffic.

I was devastated after that, and hated Big Brother with a passion. But I couldn't hold on to my anger after news of the scandal in my school broke. Apparently, three girls in three different classes had gotten themselves pregnant—by the same man. I will say this for my *aktibista* ex-boyfriend: he liked smart girls. I was one of four candidates for valedictorian, but I became the only candidate after the school refused to let the others replace their graduation gowns with maternity dresses.

Big Brother was also right about Paolo's course, insisting that Paolo take the financially lucrative Computer Engineering course instead of following his heart and studying Creative Writing. In revolt, Paolo filled all his free electives with Creative Writing classes; he then promptly failed them all. If it weren't for his straight As in the engineering classes, he would have lost his scholarship.

And Big Brother was right about signing Dinny up every summer for piano lessons, which she hated up until the moment she was invited to appear at a concert in Paco Park. Five recitals, two concerts, three television appearances, and one European tour later, Dinny still claims loudly and without pause that she hates Big Brother for making her take up the piano. ("The lady doth protest too much," Paolo says.)

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That was what made it so hard to fight Big Brother: even when we hated what he did, the results were always to our benefit.

The problem is all dictatorships are disliked at some level – even benevolent ones. And the best-intentioned dictator must eventually steel himself to face down a rebellion or two.

Big Brother faced down Dinny, Paolo, and myself. In time, we learned to obey his rules and content ourselves with the dream of freedom and financial independence after college. (But even this dream was tied to utang na loob towards Big Brother: Kuya Migz went to work for our cousin who owned a softdrink dealership after high school, halting his education to take over the role of family breadwinner from the less-than-dependable hands of our parents. Paolo and I went as scholarship students to the national university, but we still wouldn't have been able to go without his financial support.)

Then it was Francis's turn.

Given the existence of Big Brother: it was not a question of if but when Francis decided to rebel; what surprised us was what he decided to fight for. I fought for love, Paolo for his future, Dinny for her summer vacations (if you don't think that's worth fighting for, then you've already forgotten what it was like to be stuck in school nine months of every year).

Francis decided to fight for firecrackers.



He felt a weight upon his chest as she laid her head upon it; he felt her hot breath blow on his aroused nipple.

The combined onslaught of mouth and fingers was too much for him; he moaned, then opened his eyes.

She was looking right at him, her eyes half-lidded, her mouth circled into an O.

She laughed aloud at having won the game before it even began.

He felt himself grow hard, except that he was already hard from her finger-and-mouth nipple massage. He didn't think it was possible for him to get even harder, but he did.

It was her laughter that did it. There was something wild and sexy about the way she laughed, something he could not explain, but its effects on him were all too obvious. After his visits, when she waved him home with a laugh, he had to wait several minutes beside her gate before he could walk across the street without embarrassment.

Her eyes held his, but he felt her hand start moving again – it reached down, felt around, then got a firm grip.

This was a game they had played before, except this time he was determined to change the ending.

But first he made sure to slip his bandaged hand beneath the blanket...



The date of Francis's rebellion is enshrined in our family history: it was New Year's Eve, 200_.

Two years before, over eight hundred people lost fingers, toes, tips of noses, and other assorted extremities to fireworks-related injuries. In desperation, the government hit on the inspired and stupid idea of eliminating the firecracker ban and legalizing the industry. ("Weak governments legalize what they can't enforce," as my favorite PoliSci professor put it.) The government's plan was that, by legalizing the industry, setting up manufacturing standards, quality control, etc., the local manufacturers would be encouraged to create more actual pyrotechnics, and less actual bombs. In other words, more flash, less bang. But come the next New Year's Eve, most of the fancy, expensive pyrotechnics remained unsold, and those who did purchase them were decidedly unimpressed. It didn't matter that the pyrotechnics were almost equal in quality with those produced in China or Hong Kong. Filipinos did not want flash, they wanted bang; they did not want pretty colors in the sky, they wanted loud explosions on the streets driving away the demons of the old year, and the fears of the new. And so the next year the manufacturers gave up on the fancy pyrotechnics and went back to doing what they did best: making firecrackers that blew people's fingers off. In fact, they flooded the market with them. And because they were now legalized, you didn't have to go all the way to some stinking hole in Quiapo or Binondo anymore to get your firecracker fix. You could find them in the malls, on the sidewalks, or - right in front of your neighbor's gate. The Chinese family across the street, for example, simply put up a table in front of their house and loaded it with luces, Christmas Trees, boxes of watusi, baby rockets, Roman candles, as well as the "heavy artillery:" triangulos, whistlebombs, and Judas Belts.

Given the situation, everyone expected that 200X would be one of the bloodiest New Years on record.

Fortunately, we told ourselves, no one in our family would be stupid enough to blow themselves up.

Then, two weeks before New Year's Eve, Big Brother had the shock of his life when he found a bayong's worth of firecrackers hidden in the garage.

He traced the contraband to Francis, who took the silent, stubborn strategy of refusing to confirm or deny that the stash was his.

Incensed, Big Brother told him that if he played with firecrackers he would blow his fingers off.

Then, a week before New Year's Eve, Big Brother found more firecrackers hidden in the garage.

That was when we started to get a little worried. I had a talk with Francis; Dinny had a talk with Francis; even my parents had a talk with Francis. We all told him the same thing: as much as we hated to admit it, Big Brother was usually right, and he'd hurt himself if he played with firecrackers.

Paolo did not bother to talk to Francis; he claimed it wouldn't do any good anyway. ("Little brother of little brain," Poalo said.) I did not agree that Francis was stupid, but I had to admit that he lacked drive and motivation. He was already in his senior year in high school, but he still did not give any thought to college

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or his future. The only things he liked to do were play basketball and read girlie magazines.

Thinking about this, I reassured myself that there was no danger. Francis would never risk his hands, without which he could not play basketball - or do the other thing he liked to do while looking at his girlie magazines in the privacy of his own room. He was just rebelling for the sake of rebelling, I told myself; there was no chance he would actually push through with it.

Three days before New Years Eve, Big Brother found another stash of firecrackers in the garage.

But I kept telling myself that there was nothing to worry about until the morning of New Year's Eve, when I woke early to find Francis across the street, buying firecrackers from the Firecracker Girl.

The Firecracker Girl was one of Mr. Teng's daughters; I remembered her, of course, but I couldn't recall her name (Allice or Allie, I think). Like Francis, she was probably on her Christmas vacation and Mr. Teng, like Big Brother, probably loathed the idea of people having fun by doing nothing. So he found for her something to do.

She was a pretty girl, stout and pale, and I realized she'd been the one manning Mr. Teng's firecracker booth since the start of the Christmas break. Watching Francis fill up his *bayong*, I also realized that he was her best customer. Looking at the way they looked at each other, I also realized their relationship went beyond firecrackers.

It was my morning for realizations: I realized I wasn't the only one who knew this.

Paolo stood beside me at the window, watching Francis and the Firecracker Girl.

"Sara, Sara, Sara," he said, shaking his head and letting out a mock sigh.

"How long have you known?" I asked him.

"He's been seeing her for the last few months," he said. "You need to pay more attention to the neighborhood gossip."

"We need to tell Big Brother," I said.

"No, we don't."

"I think he really likes that girl. I don't know if he made her a stupid promise, or if he's trying to show off, but I think he's going to do it."

"I think so too," Paolo said. He looked me in the eyes, waited for my thoughts to catch up with his. When he saw in my eyes that I understood at last, he nodded his head.

Together, we turned our heads to look out the window at Francis and the Firecracker Girl.

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At that moment, he thanked God for favorite girlie magazines.

Because Big Brother actually installed an effective filter program on the computer, he did not get to see Internet porn (a source of great embarrassment to him with his classmates). To make up for this disadvantage, he skipped meals and spent his allowance on the magazines, using not just the pictures but also the articles to overcome his ignorance.

It was from the magazines that he learned what was wrong with what he and Aubrey were doing. It didn't feel wrong – part of him, the part now firmly in her hand, being happily pulled this way and that, it felt perfectly all right, thank you.

He felt something tickle the back of his teeth, realized it was her tongue; he answered by sending his own tongue past her lips, but she caught it lightly with her teeth, refusing to let go.

But even now, as much as it felt like all of him was literally in her hands – his hospital gown pulled up, her face turned away from his face, looking at something more interesting – he still felt something was missing.

He just didn't know what it was until he read about it.

As good as what Aubrey was doing felt, the magazines pityingly called it "fire-and-forget." And "fire-and-forget" was what the girl would eventually do to you if you kept settling for it, the magazines said. What he wanted, he was told, was the "gift that kept on giving." And if you wanted that, you had to give something in return.

He reached down with his uninjured hand and pressed the controls of his hospital bed. As his upper torso started to rise, Aubrey turned away from looking at his smaller head (but not by much); the motion of the bed caught her and lifted her face towards him.

He kissed her.

She kissed him back.

He felt something tickle the back of his teeth, realized it was her tongue; he answered by sending his own tongue past her lips, but she caught it lightly with her teeth, refusing to let go. He couldn't breathe. He needed to breathe. He needed her to let go. He was going to die if she ever let go.

He couldn't think - but his hand moved with a mind of its own. It reached down towards the short shorts she liked to wear. It made contact with her leg, then moved upwards. It gripped tight one generous ass-cheek, squeezing hard until she released his tongue and released a moan.

Unable to live without her tongue, he kissed her hard again.

But his hand continued to move, first pulling down her shorts, then tracing the outline of her panties until it reached the wet spot in the front (always a good sign, according to the magazines). His hand pushed against the wet cotton, rubbing up and down, in rhythm with the motion of her own hand.

She moaned again.

She looked down upon him and smiled.

He smiled in return, because he knew she was going to show him something very, very nice.

Slowly, very slowly, she pulled her baggy sweatshirt over her head.

Aubery liked baggy sweatshirts because she was a big girl. He knew that someone like Sara,

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who dressed like a fashion model and starved herself like one, would look at the cast-off shorts and baggy sweatshirts Aubrey preferred, and think: "Awww, he likes a fat girl." She would hear the words "big girl" and think that he meant "fat girl."

It would be no surprise that Sara, who had no boobs of her own, would miss what his expert eye saw at once: beneath the tent created by those baggy sweatshirts, Aubrey had a big, big future ahead of her. She was still in high school, but already she made some of the girls in his magazines look flat-chested.

And she was still a growing girl.

The thought of this made him very happy.

But not as happy Aubrey made him when she hypnotized him with her cleavage. Her breasts swelled before him, barely held in check by her bra, swaying back and forth, back and forth.

Then she removed her bra.

With his uninjured hand, he guided one huge breast to his open mouth, trying to swallow it whole. It was an impossible task; he tried his best anyway, only to wallow in delicious defeat.

Time stopped for him: he sucked on one breast, then another. All the while Aubrey's moans grew louder, and his hand at her panties felt her continue to get slick and wet.

At last she pulled away and stood before him in her almost-naked glory, wearing nothing except for panties and shoes.

He knew what she was going to remove next.

The moment of truth was at hand.

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On New Year's Eve, after the *noche buena* dinner, Francis went to his room, then came down the stairs with a bayong of firecrackers. Without a word to anyone, he went outside and opened the gates.

"Everybody stay inside," Big Brother commanded, and we all did – though at the windows facing the garage, where we could see everything.

Francis started off with the triangulos. Those were tricky, for the fuses on some of them were so short there was barely a second to throw them away before they exploded. In fact, one exploded so close to his hand that we thought he'd hurt himself, though apparently he'd already let it go. We rushed to the door, but then we saw Francis nonchalantly pick up another triangulo, light it, then throw it away.

"Everybody stays where they are," Big Brother said again. "He's going to hurt himself, but he's also going to learn the hard way that I'm right."

Next came the whistlebombs, which frightened me the most because so many of them were duds. There was the characteristic air-raid siren, followed by a loud and embarrassing ppfftt at the end. This would be followed by another, then another, until you got used to the duds. But that only made you jump harder when one of them turned out not to be a dud.

At last, deadliest of all, came the Judas Belts. Possessed by some blind, insane courage, Francis stood in the middle of the street after setting them alight. Even the smelly toughs of our neighborhood ran from the Judas Belt, screaming girlishly as their beer bellies flapped in the wind. But Francis stood unmoved as the rapid-fire explosions danced all around him. When one series was over, we expected to see Francis standing on blackened, bloody stumps where his feet used to be. But he emerged unhurt again and again until, at midnight, there was only one Judas Belt left, and we forget to welcome in the New Year in awe of what was about to happen.

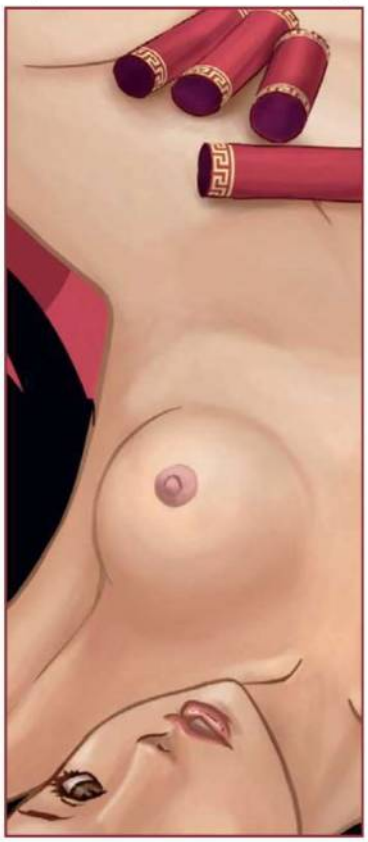
Francis set the last Judas Belt aflame, stood amidst the dance of fire, and emerged from it – whole and unhurt.

We all broke into silly applause, clapping and cheering, all of us, including my mother and father, who were never around; all of us, including Paolo, who teased Francis mercilessly; all of us, including Dinny, who talked down to Francis and treated him as if he had the mental age of a five-year old; all of us, including myself, who knew better – who knew that Francis was playing the fool, who knew the Firecracker Girl's history, who knew that she would not be impressed by what he was doing, who knew that this time Big Brother was in the right. I knew all of these things.

I clapped and cheered the loudest, I think.

Big Brother said nothing; he just continued to watch patiently and expectantly.

But we continued to cheer anyway, not caring anymore that we were disrespecting him, because the impossible had happened: Kuya Migz had made a mistake, Big Brother was wrong, a god had fallen, and we were all free at last…



Then one of the whistlebomb duds exploded.

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She slipped out of her panties. They fell away without any protest.

Then she reached down to remove her shoes - and hesitated.

This had happened before. This was why he always had to settle for "fire-and-forget." She would remove her panties, but not her shoes.

Aubrey told him that she would not have sex unless she was completely naked.

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She said she did not want to have sex unless she removed all her clothes first – as in all her clothes.

He didn't know why she needed all her clothes off, but the magazines said that if a girl wanted to give you sex, you said yes to whatever she wanted.

If she wanted the lights off, you said yes.

If she wanted to tie you up and leave you as helpless as a trussed pig, you said yes.

Is she wanted to spank you with her slipper while calling you her "bad, bad little boy," you said yes.

The truth was he did not mind that she wanted to get totally naked before having sex. Her fair skin blinded him, and the more of it he saw, the more he became like a blind man whose only remaining senses were touch, taste, and scent. Blinded by her nakedness, he'd come to her as close as he could, rubbing his cheek against her skin, getting lost in the smell of her hair, savoring the slightly salty taste of her nipples.

Except that she always stopped with her shoes.

He did not know why, and she never explained.

That was when he started to notice that Aubrey never seemed to take her shoes off—and not just when they were about to have sex. She was the only girl he knew who wore shoes at home instead of slippers.

Amazingly, it was from remembering something Big Brother had said a long time ago that he finally found the hint he needed.

The magazines said that if you were doing everything right and you still were not getting the "gift that kept on giving," then it was either a trust issue or your girlfriend was a lesbian. The magazines also said that if it was the first case, you were better off if your girlfriend was a lesbian; if it was a trust issue, even the editors could give no advice except that he would need to do something extreme and dramatic to win her trust.

That was when he came up with his plan – a plan that started when the whistlebomb flashburned his cheek and scattered parts of four fingers across the street.

He knew Sara, Dinny, Mama, and Papa were wrong when they said Big Brother was usually right. Big Brother was always right. In fact, he had been counting on it.

Now he would see if he was right.

When she hesitated to remove her shoe, he lifted his bandaged, mutilated hand from beneath the blanket.

"Two fingers blown away completely, the other two blown away at the first joint," he said, echoing the exact words of the doctor.

She stared at his hand in awe.

Then she reached down to remove her left shoe, then her right shoe. Her left foot was missing three of the little toes, her right foot lacked the big toe.

"It was the Judas belt that did it," she explained.

They looked at each other, the connection between them still fragile and wavering.

He knew there was only one thing he could do.

He reached out and touched her breast with his mutilated hand. It hurt so much that he wanted to cry out. Instead, he buried his head in her chest. The side of one breast bumped against his burned cheek, but instead of pulling back he plunged in deeper, trapping his head between her breasts, slapping his cheeks (burned and unburned) against their sides.

Her fair skin blinded him, and the more of it he saw, the more he became like a blind man whose only remaining senses were touch, taste, and scent.

This is the only way, he thought, taking in both the pleasure and the pain.

She pushed him back against the bed, then climbed on top of him. Mouths found each other again, tongues intertwined, bandages came off, whole hands found penis and vagina, bloodied stump made hard friction, rubbing against big, soft boob flesh. She lowered herself on him, pushing herself down even as he thrust himself up.

At the same moment the heat of her wetness swallowed him, she sat down on his injured hand, pinning it between her ass and his thigh.

He joined her as she cried out in pleasure and pain.

Epilogue

Big Brother closed the door. He made himself think of a monkey picking its nose so he wouldn't be aroused by what he'd just seen.

Big Brother liked to think of himself in the third person; he also liked to think of himself as Big Brother like in Orwell's book. Ever since he stopped going to school, he made it a point to read all the books the others brought home. He understood that Big Brother was meant to be feared and hated in the book, but he also believed that there would always be a place for Big Brother in the world. Some were born to rule, some were born to follow. Some were meant to impose their will on others, others were meant to have his will imposed upon them.

He knew it would have amused Paolo or Sara if they knew any of this, but unlike them, he would not have cared. Those two were the smartest in the family, he knew. But he was also smart enough to know that brains were not everything.

They thought they had to follow him because he was always right. He knew they'd be free of him when they realized that it didn't matter that he was always right.

Francis had figured it out without actually figuring it out. He just knew what he wanted, and acted to get it.

For that reason, he had earned Big Brother's respect.

And that was why Big Brother filched the "Do Not Disturb: Burn Ward Patient" sign from the room next door, then slipped it on the door of Francis's room.

As he walked away, his last thought was this:

It's a good thing he got himself a girlfriend. He's going to need one now that he can't use that hand.

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PURE SHORES

Jewelle can't swim.

It's a fact that she just never learned to but we're sure there won't be any shortage of swim instructors proposing free lessons once this issue hits the stands.

All the same, if it were this girl waiting at the far shore for us we'd hazard that even a tough guy like Odysseus would hurry home pronto, sirens and giants armed to the teeth be damned. See, Jewelle has always wanted to pose for PLAYBOY.

"I've always wanted to be a Playmate even way before there was a local PLAYBOY," she exclaims, husky voiced and clad in summer casuals. "I'm planning to get a barcode tattoo of my PLAYBOY issue when it comes out on the nape of my neck."

And that's another thing. This girl who likes hip-hop ("almost the gangsta kind that boys really like"), and who started modelling at age 16 when her best friend dragged her to a hair color gig that needed spare heads to experiment palette daubs with, has been bitten by the ink bug.

"I love getting tattooed!" she says. "The experience and sensation are addictive."

Jewelle has a barely noticeable but elegant filigree design of a rosary curling around her left forearm and wrist, and a Kanji tattoo on her right foot. "My first two tattoos were made just four months apart. *Ansarap kasi ng feeling!* Afterwards you just want more, more, more!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSER DUMBRIQUE
MAKE-UP BY LYN CREDO
STYLED BY VANESSA JOHNSON

SHOT ON LOCATION AT THUNDERBIRD RESORT, PORO POINT

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I think we're beginning to understand this thing with her and ink. But she goes on: "I've been watching *Miami Ink* reruns a lot and it's a big part of what prompted me to get a tat. I would love to get a tat from {then head of the *Miami Ink* tattoo shop} Ami!"

There is, of course, a downside to being tattooed for a model and Jewelle recognizes this. Often, during go-sees she would try to hide her tattoos. She'd wear closed shoes or a bracelet to distract them. "The funny thing is very few people notice the rosary tat when we meet," she shrugs. "Which is weird because it's my most prominent tat. Really! I guess they're distracted by other things."

Though she can't swim, Jewelle more than makes up for it by being an able drinker (vodka a particular favorite), her love for travelling and meeting people (Paris is a destination to die for), her love for wearing dresses (just not daring when it comes to bright colors or bold prints) and the fact that she doesn't smoke.

"I'm very reticent when I first meet a person but I can get very loud and talkative once you get to know me," she explains. "People tell me I'm very demure at first. But my mom says I'm wild!"

The males among our readers might also want to scribble down that Jewelle once watched *The Ring* but afterwards was scared to even turn on the TV, that she's very big into personality with potential guys ("the chiselled abs and drop dead looks are just a bonus") and that you can make her laugh easily ("I laugh at even the corniest jokes").

Lastly, Jewelle is thinking that she'd like to go to school again and take up either a Tourism or Psychology course. These courses are in preparation for joining the daily grind workforce at a nine to five job or for a small business venture. She raises her eyes in a serious display of thought: "Because it's a fact that modeling has a limited life span."

That's what we call a good head on a girl.

Jewelle can't swim. "I swear I'll drown if you throw me into a pool." With the number of able-bodied men rushing to your rescue, Jewelle, we're sure the *Baywatch* theme would be perfect for that rare event.



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"I'm very reticent when I first meet a person but I can get very loud and talkative once you get to know me."



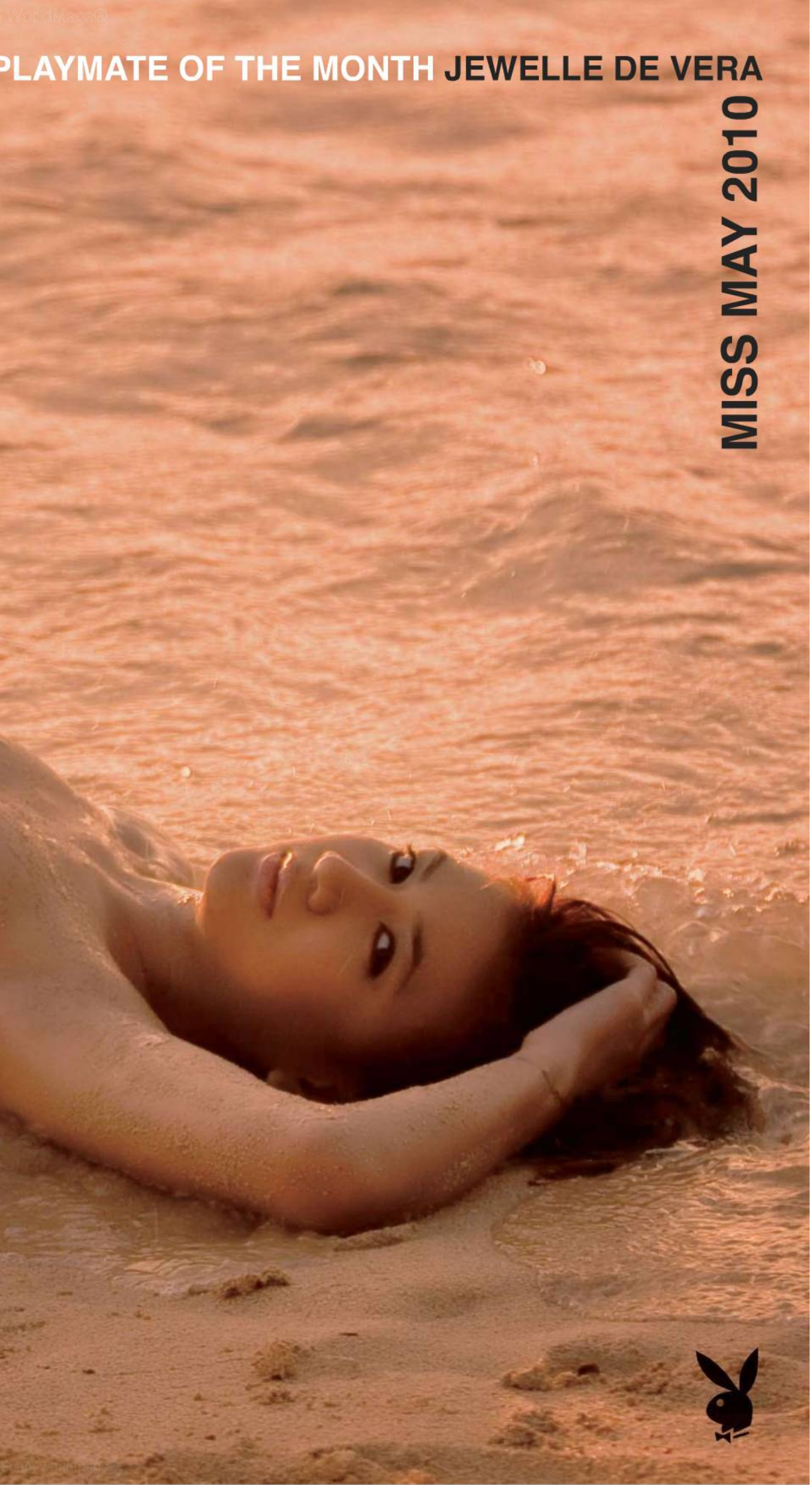
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PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH JEWELLE DE VERA

MISS MAY 2010



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Playmate Data Sheet

Name: Jewelle De Vera

Date of Birth: May 3, 1990

Hair: Dark Brown

Eyes: Brown

Weight: 110 lbs

Bust: 34 ***Waist:*** 25 ***Hips:*** 36

Place of Birth: Manila

Favorite TV Show: *Gossip Girl, Miami Ink, Girls Next Door*

What I like in a Man: Someone who's sweet and understanding, smart, with a great personality, really good dancer or athlete

Turn-offs: Boastful and rude people, guys who play videogames the whole day and ignore me!

Tattoos: Rosary on left hand, Kanji characters on right foot







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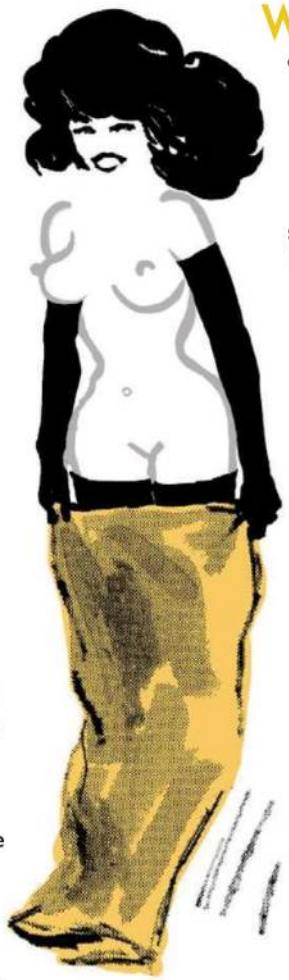
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PLAYBOY Party Jokes

Before lecturing her class on heaven and hell, a Sunday school teacher asked the students, "Do you know where little girls and boys go when they do bad things?" "Sure," a little boy answered. "The back of Kristin's garage."

Economists are baffled at how, despite the recession, a girl with the least principle manages to draw the most interest.



What do a hurricane, a tornado and a redneck divorce have in common? Each one costs somebody a trailer.

"Am I the first man who has ever asked you to make love?" inquired the bachelor as he stroked her hair post-coitus. "Yes," answered the beautiful blonde. "All the others did it without asking."

"I'm always amused by the foreigners who don't speak the language very well," a man said to his friend." The other day a Chinese hooker who wanted to applaud me for my sexual performance told me, "I give you clap."

In a survey conducted earlier this week, 1,000 American blondes were asked if they would sleep with Tiger Woods. Eighty-nine percent responded, "Never again."

"Say when," the man said to his date as he poured her cocktail. She breathlessly replied, " Right after drink."

A young woman approached the counter at a convenience store and asked the female clerk, "May I have six contraceptives, miss?" 'Don't 'miss' me," she replied. "Okay," the man said. "Then make it seven."

In simpler times people who committed adultery were stoned; today it's often the other way around.

"His family isn't too pleased about our engagement, "a coed told her roommate. "In fact, his wife is furious."

Sometimes a woman can attract a man with her mind, but it's easier to attract him with what she doesn't mind.

Two male centenarians were bragging about their sex lives while playing pool at the senior center, and one man asked the other, "can you still have sex with your wife?" "I have sex with my wife once a week," his friend replied. "How many nights do you have sex with your wife?" The first man said, "Oh, we do it almost every night of the week." Incredulous, the other man repeated, "Almost every night?" "Yup!" he responded. "Almost on Monday, almost on Tuesday...."

The man who likes to lie in bed can usually find a girl willing to listen to him.



Shelley Neiman

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The PLAYBOY Interview

SARAH SILVERMAN

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL • PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

A candid conversation with the sexy shock comic about good Sarah versus bad Sarah, the breakup with Jimmy Kimmel and why directors think she's a bitch

Sarah Silverman, the eponymous star of *The Sarah Silverman Program*—now in its third season on Comedy Central—sometimes begins the show with a brief introduction to her life. Or rather, the life of her fictional doppelgänger, also named Sarah Silverman. "I'm just like you," she once insisted. "I live in Valley Village, I don't have a job, and my sister pays the rent!"

The joke, of course, is that she's nothing like us. And not just for the reasons she offers. Silver-man, or at least her on-screen counterpart, is xenophobic, arrogant, selfish and downright cruel. She has dabbled in bestiality, tried to sue the country of Mongolia for rape, given birth to a demon baby, had sex with God and walked into an African-American church wearing blackface. In this past season alone she's been a veritable blitzkrieg of poor taste, poking fun at everything from mental retardation to pedophilia to Auschwitz.

It's comforting to think Silverman the comedian and Silverman the character have nothing in common but a name. But sometimes the line between the two can get a little blurry. Whether making a controversial joke about Asians on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* in 2001 (the punch line was "I love Chinks") or claiming in the 2005 documentary *The Aristocrats* that she was raped by talk-show host Joe Franklin—who responded to the mock charges by threatening Silverman with a lawsuit—she rarely winks at the audience to let us know what's real and what's meant to be ironic.

Silverman—the real Silverman—grew up in Bedford, New Hampshire, the youngest of four sisters. Her parents, Donald and Beth Ann—a clothes retailer and a theater director, respectively—divorced when Sarah was six years old. She was, by all accounts, an unhappy child, having frequent panic attacks and sinking into full-on depression at 13. By 14 she was taking more than a dozen Xanax a day and struggling with a bed-wetting problem, which she documents in her new memoir, *The Bedwetter: Stories of Courage, Redemption and Pee,* to be published by HarperCollins in late April.

She started young as a stand-up, performing at nightclubs and restaurants in the Boston area when she was just in her teens. She dropped out of New York University after only a year and lasted just as long as a writer for *Saturday Night Live.* For the next decade she landed small roles in such TV shows as The *Larry Sanders Show, Seinfeld* and *Crank Yankers,* and movies such as There's *Something About Mary* and *School of Rock.* It wasn't until *Jesus Is Magic,* the 2005 concert film that combined Silverman's stand-up act with short skits and songs—including controversial material about the Holocaust, AIDS and racism—that the world finally began to take notice of her.

But Silverman didn't get her first taste of mainstream success until "I'm Fucking Matt Damon," a pseudo--confessional music video that premiered on the talk show of her then--boyfriend Jimmy Kimmel in 2008. It featured Silverman singing about her infidelity with Damon "on the bed, on the floor, on a towel by the door, in the tub, in the car, up against the minibar." The video went viral, getting millions of hits on YouTube and becoming an Internet sensation.

We sent writer Eric Spitznagel, who has also interviewed Seth Rogen and Tina Fey for --PLAYBOY, to meet with Silverman. He filed this report: "Silver-man and I spent an afternoon in her West Hollywood apartment, lounging on the couch and snuggling with Duck, her 15-year-old Chihuahua--pug mix (he has a recurring role on *The Sarah Silverman Program* as Doug). She is exactly what you'd expect her to be and exactly the opposite. One minute she'll describe how she and her comic friends enjoy saying the word raaaaaaaape while belching. The next she'll suddenly grow sentimental, talking about how much she believes in love. Spend enough time with her and you'll realize the real Sarah Silverman exists somewhere in the middle—but you're never really sure."



"When I was three years old my father taught me to say 'bitch,' 'bastard,' 'damn,' and 'shit.' Looking back on it now, it's pretty obvious why I do the sort of comedy I do. Is it such a surprise I'm a shock comedian today?"



"I love going to weddings. I'm not against marriage, but it's just not for me. I'm a vegetarian, but I don't have a a problem if you want a hamburger. Marriage, to me, is like eating meat. I think it's gross and fucking crazy."



"You're not going to believe this, but [my shrink] evnetually had me taking four Xanax four times a day—16 Xanax a day, for a 14–year–old girl. She upped my dose every time. She should be in prison."

PLAYBOY: Your new memoir, *The Bedwetter,* is an intimate portrait of your childhood battle with bed--wetting. Why write about something so personal?

SILVERMAN: I was so tortured about it growing up. It was something I thought would always be the biggest secret of my life. When you're a kid that's how hopeless everything seems. But then I remember watching Johnny Carson one night, and the actress Jane Badler was a guest. She was one of the aliens in the original V miniseries in the early 1980s. She came out, and they talked about how she was a bed wetter as a kid. I couldn't believe it. For my little brain it was mind--blowing.

PLAYBOY: It never occurred to you that other people may wet their beds too?

SILVERMAN: Not somebody like her. She was a beauty queen and an actress. It meant the world to me that she could talk about it and not be embarrassed.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize you had a problem with bed--wetting?

SILVERMAN: When I realized my friends weren't wetting their beds. I remember going on a camping trip when I was 13 and hiding diapers in the bottom of my sleeping bag. Diapers! I slipped into them in my sleeping bag when everybody else was asleep.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you finally stopped?

SILVERMAN: I was around 16. I think I just had to grow out of it. I didn't get my period until I was 17 and a half. So I think wetting the bed was just part of my adolescence. I went to hypnotherapy for a while, but it never worked.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SILVERMAN: I wrote about it a lot in my diary. I just never felt I was hypnotized. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine all the things he was telling me. "You're in a meadow. You're in the forest." But it just felt stupid.

PLAYBOY: You wrote about this in your diary?

SILVERMAN: Yeah. My mom found it and sent it to me. She thought it might help me with the book.

PLAYBOY: Did anything in your diary surprise you?

SILVERMAN: I didn't realize how neurotic I was as a teenager. Every entry was like "Today I was depressed between 4:30 and 7:20, but I felt okay after that."

PLAYBOY: Has your mom read your diary?

SILVERMAN: She read it all. I think she loved it. It's all about her. It's weird. It's like I was obsessed with my mother. We were always fighting, and then I would miss her when she wasn't home.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a close relationship with your parents?

SILVERMAN: Oh yeah, definitely.

PLAYBOY: Are they fans of your comedy?

SILVERMAN: Absolutely. My father especially. All he cares about is having a hat or a T-shirt from some TV show that my sister Laura or I or Jimmy [Kimmel] was on. You know what he does? My stepmother keeps him from wearing all the swag we send him, because it's obnoxious, but sometimes he'll sneak it into the car and change when she isn't paying attention. Laura had a boyfriend who had the best joke. He said if Dad was ever a fugitive, he'd be easy to track down. The cops would be like, "We're looking for a male, 70s, wearing a *Man Show* hat, *Crank Yankers* T-shirt, *Sarah Silverman Program* satchel, *Jesus Is Magic* water bottle."

PLAYBOY: Didn't your dad introduce you to dirty jokes?

SILVERMAN: He did, yeah. Whenever we went to restaurants, he'd take a napkin and...hold on. [finds napkin and begins folding it] Wait a minute. I can't believe I'm not remembering this. It's got to be like muscle memory.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to make——

SILVERMAN: Tits? Were you going to say tits?

PLAYBOY: No. It looks like one of those origami fortune-teller things.

SILVERMAN: No, no, no. It's supposed to be tits. My dad would fold a napkin so it looked like tits. [laughs] He always did it at dinner. It's funny when you're a kid. I can't even remember it now. It's bothering me. Oh wait, hold on. [tries again, finally creating something that vaguely resembles breasts]

PLAYBOY: Is there a punch line that goes with it?

SILVERMAN: No, it's all visual. It's cerebral. It's like, "Hey, look, tits." When I was 12 my dad gave me these books, *Truly Tasteless Jokes* and *Truly Tasteless Jokes Two.* I remember reading them and thinking, I'm too young for this. They were so dirty.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember any of them?

SILVERMAN: I remember the very first joke. It was about Little Red Riding Hood. She's in the forest, and the wolf says to her, "I'm going to eat you," and Red Riding Hood says, "Eat, eat, eat. Doesn't anybody fuck anymore?" I don't know why I remember it. At the time I had no idea why it was funny, but I knew it was dirty because it had the word fuck in it.

PLAYBOY: Were you a funny kid?

SILVERMAN: I killed from a very early age. I was the youngest, so I was positioned to be the entertainer. I used to do impressions of all the characters on *General Hospital,* because that's what everybody in my family watched. And they would die. I remember—and it still happens—when I get a really big laugh, my arms itch. [scratches arms] I know that makes me sound like a crazy person.

PLAYBOY: You've claimed you started swearing as a child to please your father. Is that true?

SILVERMAN: It is. When I was three years old he taught me how to say "bitch," "bastard," "damn" and "shit." Looking back on it now it's pretty obvious why I do the sort of comedy I do. As a kid I said swear words to adults, and they laughed wildly. Is it such a surprise I'm a shock comedian today? It makes total sense.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider what you do shock comedy?

SILVERMAN: Well, no, it's not that black-and-white. I don't write something and think, How can I be shocking?

PLAYBOY: Even though that's what people expect from you?

SILVERMAN: Yeah, but doing shock comedy, real shock comedy, is giving an audience what they don't expect. So I have to totally disregard their expectations.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry about how your jokes, especially the more controversial ones, could be misinterpreted?

SILVERMAN: I have no control over that. Once it's out there it's theirs to have. These jokes will be whatever they see in the context of their own lives.

PLAYBOY: So you don't care if people show up for your stand-up and think, I hope she does the one about the Chinks?

SILVERMAN: [Groans] Oh God, that's the worst. I had a boyfriend who called it mouth-full-of-blood laughs. It's when people are laughing at the wrong thing. One time the lead singer of a very popular band from the 1980s—I can't give you his name—came up to me after a show, and I swear to God, he goes, "You're my favorite comedian. You have the best nigger jokes." I was like, "I...I...didn't mean...." And he turns to his friends and says, "She's got the best nigger jokes!"

PLAYBOY: Would you give us a hint who it was?

SILVERMAN: I'll say just this: After that, I stopped believin'.

PLAYBOY: Are you still doing stand-up?

SILVERMAN: Not as much as I should be. I'm at a crossroads in terms of my act. Anything from *Jesus Is Magic* is done. I can't do anything from that movie anymore. I'm forcing myself to go out and do spots at comedy clubs when I'd rather be at the movies.

PLAYBOY: It's not as easy as it used to be?

SILVERMAN: It's a process. When you have an act that's polished and you're in the zone, you can't wait to get out there. But I'm in a place where I'm backstage going, "I have fucking nothing!" I just feel like a loser. But I've also realized I can't go out and keep doing the same fake racist metajokes anymore. Otherwise 30 years will go by and I'll be the guy onstage going [imitates Andrew Dice Clay], "Hickory dickory dock!"

PLAYBOY: You're thinking about a complete image overhaul?

SILVERMAN: It's scary to try something new. I just have to get out there and be willing to bomb and let people blog about how much I suck and not care. I have to remember not to apologize for myself.

PLAYBOY: You sound almost emotionally mature.

SILVERMAN: [Laughs] It's really kind of disgusting. Have I become New Age-y? Should I

be out here with crystals?
PLAYBOY: You went through pretty severe depression as a teenager.
SILVERMAN: I did. I remember when it first happened. I came back from this camping trip, the one where I hid diapers in my sleeping bag, and it just washed over me like a cloud. It was like a cloud covering the sun. I remember the horror story I told myself over and over again: I'm totally alone in my body. Nobody will ever see through my eyes. I'm just completely alone.
PLAYBOY: Is that when you started going to therapy?
SILVERMAN: Yeah. My therapist wrote me a prescription for Xanax and told me whenever I felt sad I should take one. I returned the following week and was in the waiting room. It was this Victorian house in New Hampshire, the same place I had gone to see a hypnotist for bed-wetting. It was four P.M. in the middle of a snowstorm, and it was just pitch-black outside. My mom dropped me off, and I was waiting and waiting and waiting. I remember I read an entire *People* magazine, and I thought, What's going on? Then Dr. Graham, the hypnotist, came down, and his eyes were all red and teary. And he was like—I'll use a different name—"Dr. Riley hung himself!"
PLAYBOY: How old were you?
SILVERMAN: Thirteen. My fucking shrink hung himself at my second appointment!
PLAYBOY: That's horrible. How did you make sense of what happened?
SILVERMAN: I have no idea. I remember he had braces. And I was thinking, Wow, he didn't even wait to get his braces off. Braces are a sign of hope. You know what I mean? Braces mean that someday you're gonna have new teeth. Braces are a symbol that tomorrow will be better.
PLAYBOY: Did you continue going to therapy after that?
SILVERMAN: My parents found this registered nurse in Andover, which is just outside of Boston, who they'd take me to before school. It was an hour away, so I'd have to get up at six in the morning. She would talk to me, and then her husband, who was a doctor, would write prescriptions for me. She just upped my dose every time. You're not going to believe this, but she eventually had me taking four Xanax four times a day—16 Xanax a day, for a 14-year-old girl. She should be in prison.
PLAYBOY: Did you at least feel better?
SILVERMAN: I just felt like a zombie. Finally, somehow, I went to this Mexican psychiatrist in Manchester. I think he was the only Mexican in New Hampshire. His name was Dr. Santiago. I don't know where he came from, but he literally saved my life. He found out I was on this medication, and he couldn't believe it. He brought my mother in and said, "This is a life-and-death situation. You can't just go off of this. You have to go half a pill less a week until you're at zero." So it took like six months. I remember that last half a pill so clearly. It was my sophomore year in high school, and I was at the bubbler in the hallway of my high school. I was myself again. It was just like that. The cloud lifted, and I was my old silly self again.
PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry the cloud will come back?
SILVERMAN: It came back six years later, when I was 22. I started taking Klonopin intermittently, which blocked the panic attacks, and I was able to work. A few years later I started taking Zoloft. I've been on it ever since. I've taken half a Zoloft every day since 1994.
PLAYBOY: At 22 you were writing for *Saturday Night Live*. Do you think the stress of writing for that show had anything to do with your depression returning?
SILVERMAN: I'm sure it was psychological, but it felt mostly chemical. It just came on all in one moment. You know how you get the flu in a second, where you just go, "Fuck, I have the flu!" It's that fast. I recognized the feeling right away, and it sent me into a huge panic attack.
PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when *Saturday Night Live* fired you after just one year?
SILVERMAN: I was. I didn't get anything on the show in my first year, but it never occurred to me I wouldn't be asked back. All the way up to August I was writing sketches, making plans. My manager and agent called me together from Los Angeles, and when they told me I'd been fired, I didn't believe it. I was like, "Awww, come on, guys! That's not funny!" I thought they were kidding. I was devastated, and I thought I'd never work again.
PLAYBOY: But you continued to do stand-up?
SILVERMAN: I did, but I wasn't sure I could still call myself a comedian. I had a full year of just "What the fuck am I doing with my life?"
PLAYBOY: Do you feel as though being a comedian is in your DNA?
SILVERMAN: I do. I'm lucky. I've always known. My mom found something I had filled out in third grade. It was a workbook or something, and on one of the pages it said, "When I grow up, I want to be..." and I had written, "an actress, a comedian or a masseuse."
PLAYBOY: You seriously wanted to be a masseuse?
SILVERMAN: That was because of my family. They would get me to rub their backs by saying, "You're so good at this! Your hands are so strong!" So I'd massage everybody, just to practice. It's kind of genius how they manipulated me.
PLAYBOY: Who was your first big comedy inspiration?
SILVERMAN: I loved Steve Martin. I didn't just love him, I was in love with him. On the ceiling in my bedroom where I grew up, where my mom still lives, I wrote "I love Steve Martin" in pencil. It's still there.
PLAYBOY: Did you want to be with him, or did you want to be him?
SILVERMAN: Probably a little of both. I can remember reading a magazine article about



him; I can still picture everything about it. He's from Waco, Texas, and he does magic, and he loves some artist named David Hockney, so I convinced my mom to get me a calendar of David Hockney photographs from a museum. All of a sudden I loved David Hockney, who is an artist I had no reason to relate to at all. I had never been to California or the West Coast, but my walls were covered with all these images of gay men in swimming pools. I loved it because I knew he loved it.
PLAYBOY: What was it about his comedy that appealed to you?
SILVERMAN: I don't know. Maybe it was the mixture of silliness without mindlessness. But I assure you I couldn't have articulated that when I was a teenager. I just loved him because he was funny and beautiful.
PLAYBOY: Silly is definitely a word that could be used to describe your sense of humor.
SILVERMAN: Oh yeah, absolutely.
PLAYBOY: Another word is scatological.
SILVERMAN: [Smiles hugely] I do love poop. I can't help it. The heart wants what it wants. I



"I can't help it. The heart wants what it wants. I enjoy being clever and pithy and political, but nothing's going to get me like dumb stuff."

enjoy being clever and pithy and political, but nothing's going to get me like dumb stuff. It's not exclusively poop jokes, and I won't laugh at all poop jokes. It has to be something special.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example of a really special shit joke?

SILVERMAN: When we were working on the show, we noticed [*Sarah Silverman Program* co--creator] Rob Schrab would always get cranky toward the end of the day. We found out it was because he had to take a shit and needed to do it in the privacy of his home. Then we moved into office space, and one office had a private bathroom, so we gave it to Rob. Comedy writers can be so lazy, but when they're motivated by something, they can do amazing things. The writers Chris Romano and Eric Falconer came in extra early the first morning and took a huge shit in Rob's toilet, and then Chris put a toothpick with a homemade flag in the shit and wrote on the flag, "I know what you did last summer." [laughs to the point of tears] It's just so absurd and stupid. Why would you put "I know what you did last summer" on the flag? What does that horror movie from eight years ago have to do with their shit?

PLAYBOY: The work environment for your writing staff sounds like a fraternity party.

SILVERMAN: It can be, yeah. But [head writer and executive producer] Dan Sterling keeps us pretty focused. He made a rule that nobody can take out his dick until five o'clock.

PLAYBOY: Your writers have to be told not to expose themselves?

SILVERMAN: They do, because otherwise it would happen all the time. And the guys interpreted Dan's rule as "Take your dick out at five." It would be like [glances at watch], "Forty-five more minutes."

PLAYBOY: What's the context in which somebody might take out his penis?

SILVERMAN: Oh, there are so many! Chris started it. He takes his dick out all the time. And then Harris Wittels, the young one who is normally a very shy and nervous guy, started taking his dick out. It usually happens when we're stuck on an outline or something. One of them will just stand up and pull down his pants and underwear and sit back down. It gets us out of the moment. It's a safe room, where you can just do anything. One time Chris came out of the bathroom and his dick was sticking through a napkin, out of his fly. I told him, "Chris, it isn't five yet!" And he said, "I can't help it. My dick just ate lobster." [laughs] I know these are not clever jokes, but I love them.

PLAYBOY: Did you grow up in a sexually open family?

SILVERMAN: Yeah, we were very open. I grew up with no Jews except for my family, but I think there's something about Jewish culture that says sex is okay, sex is good. There isn't a stigma attached to it. They really didn't shield me from anything. I became sexualized at an early age, although I didn't have sex until I was 19.

PLAYBOY: You were a late bloomer?

SILVERMAN: Not by choice. I went through puberty when I moved to New York. I remember my first stand-up act when I was 17. I did a really lame song about being flat—chested. I was doing it in New York, and Kevin Brennan, the guy I lost my virginity to, was like, "That song doesn't make sense. You have tits."

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the song called "Mammaries"?

SILVERMAN: [Long pause] How could you possibly know that?

PLAYBOY: We have our sources.

SILVERMAN: Have you been reading my diary? I'm so embarrassed.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember any of the lyrics?

SILVERMAN: All I remember is [sings] "Mammaries are the *goyims* that I need." It was so fucking stupid.

PLAYBOY: It's not always clear if you expect an audience to laugh with you or at you. Is that by design?

SILVERMAN: I think it is. I like the ambiguity. I used to love experimenting with that idea. I was doing a set at the Largo [a nightclub in Los Angeles] one time. I wore these pale tan khaki pants and painted period blood down the crotch. I wore it onstage and never mentioned it. But I knew the audience could see it, and they just assumed I had leaked period blood. I did six minutes of jokes without mentioning it and acted as though I had command of the room. It was interesting to watch the audience, because so many of them were dying for me. They wanted to laugh at me, but they weren't able to hear anything I was saying. The blood stain was so distracting to them. Then at the end I pretended to notice it for the first time, and I was like, "Oh my God, you guys must think this is period blood. Of course you do. No, no, I just had anal sex for the first time."

PLAYBOY: Who's the fall guy in that joke? Is it you? Is it the audience for being embarrassed for you?

SILVERMAN: I don't know. Who cares? If it's funny, it's funny. We don't need to dissect it and ruin it, do we?

PLAYBOY: Do people sometimes assume they know you because of what they see on your show and in the movies?

SILVERMAN: All the time. One of the few guys I've dated since Jimmy, it was weird how much he thought he knew me. He was like, "Well, I know you don't believe in God, but I blah blah blah...." And I was just like [shocked expression], "What kind of person do you think I am? And if it's true, why would you be with me?" It's just.... [laughs] Oh, who cares? Nobody needs to know me. It doesn't matter to know me.

PLAYBOY: There is a great line in *Jesus Is Magic:* "I don't care if you think I'm racist. I just want you to think I'm thin." Was that the character talking, or was that you?

SILVERMAN: It did come from a very real place. Sadly.

PLAYBOY: You were responding to the controversy surrounding your "I love Chinks" joke on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien.* Were you surprised it caused so much outrage?

SILVERMAN: I was, yeah. I knew they weren't crazy about the joke at *Late Night,* but I didn't think it would turn into a media shit storm.

PLAYBOY: So the producers at *Late Night* knew about the joke in advance?

SILVERMAN: Oh yeah, you have to go over all your material beforehand. Originally the joke had the word nigger in it. The segment producer said that wouldn't work and suggested using dirty Jew instead. But it wasn't as hard because I'm Jewish, and that makes it okay. So then I suggested Chink, because it's got that hard k, and it's really racist. It had to be something hard. And the producer said, "No, but you can say 'spic.'" And I was like, "I can't say 'Chink,' but I can say 'spic'?" I decided to go with Chink, because it sounds funnier to me. It's a joke about saying the worst, most racist word you can think of.

PLAYBOY: When did you find out a backlash was coming?

SILVERMAN: I woke up the next day and had a message from my mother. "They're talking about you on *The View* and how you were on *Conan* and said 'Chink.' They showed a picture of you, and you looked gorgeous. You should wear earrings. Earrings always frame the face." And I was like, "Wait, what happened?"

PLAYBOY: When Guy Aoki, the president of a media watchdog group, accused you of racism, did you hope the controversy would just go away eventually, or did you try to put out the fire?

SILVERMAN: I immediately wrote this long, thoughtful letter to Aoki, thinking we could actually have an open conversation. But he was too jazzed about having a fight with me. I made the mistake of going on *Politically Incorrect* with him. He had 60 people in the audience who hated me, just haaaaated me. And they made me repeat the joke. I was like, "Please just replay the clip. If you have me repeat the joke it won't be funny, and I'm doing it to 60 people who hate me." They made me repeat it, and of course it got boos. Jokes need context.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever apologized for a joke?

SILVERMAN: I've apologized to people in person but never as a public thing. I don't really make jokes about specific people. Kathy Griffin does that brilliantly, but it's not something I do. I'm usually the idiot in my jokes. Unless it's a roast, and then it's brutal but done with love.

PLAYBOY: So why do you think you have a reputation for doing comedy that's antagonistic?

SILVERMAN: I don't know, but I hear that all the time. I've always wondered, Where is the evidence? I mean, other than all those movies in which I play the cunty girlfriend or the cunty roommate or the cunty best friend.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel as though you've been unfairly typecast?

SILVERMAN: I've certainly done enough of those types of roles. I'm the girlfriend in a comedy who is mortified by her boyfriend's hilarious behavior. "You need to get a job and straighten up your life!" I'm done with that. I don't want to be the glue for bad writing anymore. My spirit can't take it.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried to go after movie roles you really wanted?

SILVERMAN: I met with Ivan Reitman [director of *Stripes* and *Ghostbusters*] about a movie that ended up not getting made, but it was really good. It had a beautiful female part, this hippie free--spirited woman, that I really wanted to do. But he wanted me for the cunty girlfriend the main character dates before he realizes what love can really be. And I told him, "I can't play those parts anymore; they're killing my soul. But I love the hippie lady." And he goes, "Sarah, people will never see you that way. They will always see you in the bitchy role." I was stunned. I think I cried a little. But I look back on it now, and I just don't agree with it. I was the cunty girlfriend in *School of Rock,* and now that's all anyone will accept me as? Surely people have bigger imaginations than that.

PLAYBOY: You turn 40 this year. Are you ready?

SILVERMAN: [Rolls eyes] Oh yeah, I can't wait! Thirty-nine was the first birthday I didn't even want to get out of bed. It isn't fun anymore. I know I need to change my perspective, but it's hard. I feel so confident and awesome and sexy when I'm with people who are older than me, and I've always been surrounded by people who are older than me. But to be vital in comedy you have to exist in a world dominated by young people.

PLAYBOY: Don't you like being an elder stateswoman of comedy?

SILVERMAN: Not at all. It's weird. I've never been single and had people—strangers, really—know who I am. It'd probably be awesome if I was a dude.

"I grew up with no Jews except for my family. I think there's something about Jewish culture that says sex is okay, sex is good. There isn't a stigma attached to it."

PLAYBOY: Do you ever date noncomedians?

SILVERMAN: Rarely. I'm cursed with being attracted to funny people, and that limits it to fucking freaks like me.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a good thing?

SILVERMAN: It's a great thing. But it's hard to date other comics, because I know everybody. Lately I've found myself drawn to really, really white Midwestern guys. It's so exotic to me. I've dated Jewish men, but something about them makes me feel as though I'm sleeping with my brother. I want somebody different from me. The last couple of people I've been drawn to at all are farmer-boy types. Actually, no, not boys, men. I like to be the young one, and I like to be the small one.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you'd describe your current boyfriend, *Family Guy* writer Alec Sulkin? Is he a white Midwestern farmer type?

SILVERMAN: Hilariously, not at all. Isn't that always the way? He's a tall skinny Jew.

PLAYBOY: How did you two start dating?

SILVERMAN: I had known him, barely, over the years. He was a writer at *The Late Late Show With Craig Kilborn,* and I remembered him from when I would do that show. Then I started following him on Twitter—get ready, this is a very modern story—and he was so funny. I saw that he followed me, too, which allows you to send messages directly. So I wrote him a note that said, "You're funny."

PLAYBOY: Which in the comedy world is akin to flirting, right?

SILVERMAN: Maybe. We sent messages back and forth pretty much constantly, then exchanged e-mail addresses and wrote each other steadily for several days. When we finally met, he came over to my place, walked in the door, put out his hand and said, "Hi, I'm Alec." We've spent every day together since.

PLAYBOY: He doesn't feel he's in Jimmy Kimmel's shadow?

SILVERMAN: He does not care at all. He was the one who told me to watch Jimmy's "10 at 10" on *Leno* the day after he did that. He isn't ruled by ego; he's just himself.

PLAYBOY: Were you reluctant to go public about this relationship, if only because of what happened with you and Jimmy?

SILVERMAN: What happened with me and Jimmy?

PLAYBOY: Your breakup became -national news.

SILVERMAN: Eh, I don't let myself get too caught up in the outside world or what strangers make of me. It doesn't make sense to. I mean, it's all superweird, but I figure I might as well answer your questions about it rather than act as though it's some big secret or mystery. He's a great guy. Swell, even. Really swell. Plus his mother will eat this shit up.

PLAYBOY: We should probably talk about Jimmy.

SILVERMAN: Do we have to? Nobody wants to hear about that.

PLAYBOY: Quite the opposite. People seem to have a lot wrapped up in your former relationship with him.

SILVERMAN: And my desire to please makes me wish I could say we're still together. When we first broke up and then got back together, we were walking down a street in New York and somebody ran over and said, "You're back together? Hooray!" It was so sweet. But you can't stay together because people who don't know you want you to be together.

PLAYBOY: So you're telling us it's totally over?

SILVERMAN: [Long pause] We were together for so long and tried our best to make it work. I can think of him now and I don't have that edgy feeling anymore. I just love him to pieces.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you meet Jimmy at the Friars Club roast for Hugh Hefner?

SILVERMAN: That's right. I totally forgot about that. [laughs] -PLAYBOY is the reason I spent the past six-plus years of my life with Jimmy Kimmel.

PLAYBOY: Was it love at first sight?

SILVERMAN: He was married, so I met him and his wife that night. But I was totally

impressed. I thought he was so great. He had a show called *Crank Yankers,* and he hired me for it. I remember in the beginning we kept going for the same joke. His brother Jonathan was producing *Crank Yankers,* and for some reason we were looking on the Internet for public--domain songs about a certain topic. Jonathan said, "There are 3,000 results," and both Jimmy and I said at the same time, "Just give me the first thousand."

PLAYBOY: Before you started officially dating, didn't you and Jimmy watch a lot of movies together?

SILVERMAN: Yeah. This was after he separated from his wife. We were just friends, and he'd come over and we'd watch DVDs together. I can still remember our first kiss. We were watching *Broadway Danny Rose.* We were like nose-to-nose for what felt like 40 minutes. Neither of us wanted to make the first move, we were so scared. And then we just started kissing and making out and fooling around. It got all hot and heavy, and I was like, "Do you want to go to the bedroom?" And he's like [softly], "Okay." I walked down the hallway and into my bedroom, and I turn around and he's standing in the doorway, totally naked.

PLAYBOY: He stripped down in a matter of seconds?

SILVERMAN: I don't know how he got his clothes off in that amount of time. I'd never seen him naked before, so it was a little bit shocking. I was like [gasps], "Oh!" And he goes, "Well, we're definitely going to do it, right?" [laughs] And I remember we had bonded over loving the same movie nobody else has ever seen, called *The One and Only,* and he quoted a line from it as he left. He was driving away, and he yelled to my window, "Don't worry about me. I keep my mouth shut!"

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the relationship didn't last?

SILVERMAN: [Long pause] Sometimes loving each other isn't enough. You have to be responsible for your own happiness. You can't stay in a relationship because you're afraid of the unknown. But I will always love him. Sometimes I think maybe we'll die together in our old age or something.

PLAYBOY: Are you one of those couples that made a pact to get married if the two of you are still single when you're 50?

SILVERMAN: [Scrunches nose] No, I'm not going to do that.

PLAYBOY: You have no interest in marriage?

SILVERMAN: I love going to weddings, and I love it when my friends get married. I'm not against marriage, but it's just not for me. I'm a vegetarian, but I don't have a problem if you want a hamburger. Marriage, to me, is like eating meat. I think it's gross and fucking crazy. It's this superbarbaric, old--timey tradition that no one remembers we don't have to do anymore. First of all, why get the government involved in your love? And why would I become involved with something that doesn't include everyone? If you're getting married today, it's the equivalent of joining a country club that doesn't allow blacks or Jews.

PLAYBOY: What happens if gay marriage becomes legal? Would you reconsider marriage?

SILVERMAN: No, probably not. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: You just don't think love should be legally binding?

SILVERMAN: I don't. But I believe in love! I'd like to find that person. I think Jimmy and I had every intention of spending the rest of our lives with each other. I love love. It's my top priority. Jimmy will tell you. I'm a good girl.

PLAYBOY: You have a sentimental side?

SILVERMAN: I'm all sentimental side. I've probably been ruined by romantic movies, but I really do believe in love. I've experienced it, I've had it, so I know it's real.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about your fling with Matt Damon, right?

SILVERMAN: No. That was just about the sex.

PLAYBOY: The "I'm Fucking Matt Damon" video was such a monster hit for you. How did it originate?

SILVERMAN: It was supposed to be a surprise for Jimmy's birthday. Jimmy ends all his shows by saying "Sorry, Matt Damon, we ran out of time." Because when he started doing his show, his first guest would literally be the man with the longest leg hair, so he thought it'd be funny to name-drop the biggest movie star he could think of. And Matt Damon loved it. The first time he came on the show he told Jimmy, "I'll come on, but I don't want you to stop doing that bit." So Jimmy's cousin Sal, a writer named Tony Barbieri and I came up with the "I'm Fucking Matt Damon" idea for Jimmy's birthday. We went to Miami, where Matt Damon lives, and spent three hours shooting at the Delano Hotel. We just shot and shot and shot. It all happened that quickly.

PLAYBOY: Did Jimmy have any idea what you were doing?

SILVERMAN: He knew I was in Florida, but he thought it was for a stand-up tour. Even though I knew it was for his sake, I felt riddled with guilt. I hated lying to him. And then his birthday show never happened because of the writers' strike, and the video was on the shelf for months. Jimmy ended up doing his show's fifth anniversary just as the strike was coming to an end, and I was like, "Fuck this. I've been walking on eggshells for too long. I'm gonna show it to him tonight."

PLAYBOY: And you managed to keep it a secret until the video had its world premiere?

SILVERMAN: I don't know how, but I did. Before the show we were in his dressing room, both brushing our teeth, and he was like, "I'm so excited. Everybody says this video is amazing." And I felt bad. I just felt his expectations were way too high. I said, "Jimmy, I don't want to disappoint you. It's a funny video, but that's all it is."

PLAYBOY: Little did you realize.

SILVERMAN: He tried to act angry when the cameras were back on him, but I watched him as he watched it, and he had this huge grin on his face.

PLAYBOY: It went on to become hugely popular on the Internet. Is that something you could ever duplicate?

SILVERMAN: I'm very proud of it, but it was definitely a fluke. When I did "The Great Schlep" [a campaign to get young Jewish people to encourage their Florida grandparents to vote for Obama], I knew the Jewish Council for Education and Research enlisted me because of the Damon thing. And I remember telling them, "I'm psyched to do this, but please lower your expectations. 'I'm Fucking Matt Damon' had a movie star in it. And it had a song with a catchy melody and the word fuck in it. That's a formula I can't repeat every time."

PLAYBOY: It's been said that all musicians want to be comics.

SILVERMAN: And all comics want to be musicians. Yeah, I think that's true. There's a part of me that wants to be a serious musician. I love songs about heartache and heartbreak. Do you ever listen to Patty Griffin? I just adore her. I wrote this song—nothing as good as Patty Griffin would write—but it's more heartfelt than what I usually do.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any plans to record it?

SILVERMAN: Oh God, no. I would never do it. There's nothing lamer than a comedian taking himself seriously.

PLAYBOY: Would you let somebody else record it?

SILVERMAN: I want to get one of those teen pop girls to sing it, like Taylor Swift or Miley Cyrus, because it's about teen angst. It's about a teen girl wanting to be an adult. If I did it, it'd just be lame. But I think it'd really be cool if people were like, "You know that new Miley Cyrus song? The comedian Sarah Silverman wrote it." That would be awesome.

PLAYBOY: Does the song have a title yet?

SILVERMAN: Not really. I might call it "I Could Do That Too," maybe. [pauses, then breaks into embarrassed smile] Naw, that's not the name.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like the song exposes a raw nerve. Do you feel uncomfortable sharing too much of yourself without the comedy detachment?

SILVERMAN: Yeah, but I also think that as much as there are no rules, there are certain rules. The second you take yourself seriously or show you're taking yourself seriously, it's not funny. It's a comedy killer.

PLAYBOY: But if you're not trying to be funny, why does it matter?

SILVERMAN: I don't know. [long pause] Some things are just for private, you know? It's like people thinking I'm cold or this or that. It's unfortunate, but I don't need strangers to know I'm warm. [laughs] I don't need strangers to know the real me.

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On Sachie: Military swimsuit P779.00 from **Folded & Hung.** Crochet vest and rope belt, stylist's own. Khaki brown shorts, P599.75 from **Herbench.** Shoes, model's own.
On Brylle: Short sleeve white button down shirt, P679.75 from **Bench.** Khaki brown leaf printed shorts, P999.00 from **Folded & Hung** Shoes, model's own. Hat, stylist's own.

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LOST

Getting led astray never looked this heavenly. Our beautiful Ms. June 2008, Sachie Sanders, shows us that being marooned on a tropical island may be a dangerous affair, but it needn't be bereft of style.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSER DUMBRIQUE
MAKE-UP BY JOANNE SOTO-CALAQUIN
STYLED BY TON LAO & SARA KO
MODELS: (MISS JUNE 2008) SACHIE SANDERS & BRYLLE GODITO

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On Sachie: Brown swimsuit, P749.00 from **Folded & Hung.** Capri pants, P1,149.00 from **Folded & Hung.** Shoes, model's own. Belt, stylist's own. On Brylle: Leaf printed shorts, P999.00 from **Folded & Hung.** Shoes, model's own.

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On Sachie: Black Haltered Swimsuit, P799.00 from **Folded & Hung.** Plaid shirt dress, P5950.00 from **Penguin.** Shoes, model's own. On Brylle: Printed Short sleeve button down shirt, P699.75 from Bench. Black Jeans, P 799.95 from Bench. Shoes, model's own. Hat, P349.00 from **Folded & Hung.**

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SURF'S UP!

ON THE PHILIPPINES' GROWING SURF CULTURE

What keeps surfers coming back for more?

Like sex, when it comes to surfing, no one forgets their first time. Mine occurred in 1999, in San Juan, La Union. Back then, only a few people, mostly locals, surfed this spot and there was only one resort, then known as Surf Camp (now the Billabong Surf School), that offered surfing lessons and rented out surfboards. For P500, I got surf lessons from no less than Luke Landrigan (top La Union surfer) himself, plus I got to borrow a surfboard for a couple of hours. He gave me a 10-minute land lesson, teaching me basics like where to lie on the board, where to position my feet when I jump into a semi-crouch, and how to maneuver the board.

After making me practice laying flat on my stomach and jumping into a crouch position, sort of like Gollum, a few times on land, Luke declared me fit to try on the water.

On the water, I learned that surfing, like most worthwhile endeavors, required patience and proper timing. Being on the water meant spending a lot of time waiting for the perfect wave to arrive. While holding on to my board, Luke assessed each wave that passed us by. If it was the right wave, he would tell me to get ready to paddle then give me a big push. After that, it was up to me to push my body up with my arms and attempt to jump from lying on my stomach into the semi crouch position in one swift motion. It wasn't as easy as I thought it would be. I had to be quick and agile, for one. I also had to make sure my feet were in the proper position and that they didn't slip on the wet board. And all this time, the board was moving on a wave that threatened to overcome me at any time. Often, it did, and I would tumble underwater. Some wipeouts literally felt like a ride in a washing machine, with the waves ramming me up against the sandy bottom of the ocean, leaving small scratches on my shoulder and my back as mementoes. Other times, the tumbles would be so violent that I would be left disoriented underwater, not knowing which way was up or down. One wipeout was so intense, it partially undid my bikini top, resulting in a momentary nip-slip. Good thing I had the chance to readjust it underwater or I would have had an Anne Curtis moment.

After taking numerous spills, and swallowing copious amounts of salty seawater in the process, I had my one moment of glory. I stood on the board and finally rode my first wave. It was a magical, breathtaking moment that, alas, was gone too soon.

It's hard to put into words exactly what that moment feels like. It's not about conquering or controlling the wave: it's more like recognizing just how powerful that wave is and being 'one' with it. It's all about being completely present at that precise moment as you're balancing on the board and riding that wave. The Zen of Surfing. The ultimate "stoked" moment. Mine lasted a total of nine seconds. For some people, that moment is enough to devote their whole lifetime looking for the next perfect wave!



By Karen Simbulan
Photography by Dominic Calalo

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A PARADISE OF WAVES

As a tropical country with over 7,000 islands, a coastline spanning 36,289 kilometers and bounded by the South China Sea to the west, the Sulu Sea to the southwest, the Celebes Sea to the south, and the Pacific Ocean to the east, the Philippines was destined to become one of Asia's top destinations for surfers on the search for the ultimate wave. And while our rise as a surfing destination may have come a bit later than our tropical neighbors, Thailand and Indonesia, the most distinctive feature of the country's growing surf culture is that it is not limited to foreign tourists alone. At present, the surge in interest in surfing as a recreational activity is actually coming from local tourists looking for the next "it" sport. Surfing is perhaps not as pervasive as running in terms of sudden popularity, but still, the interest in surfing is increasing at a steady pace.

The fact that surfing requires a lot more than just a road and some running shoes may explain why it has taken this long for most people to start getting into it. But the high that it gives, the "stoked" feeling or that euphoria that surfers get when they are able to balance their boards on the crest of a wave, is enough to keep most surfers coming back for more.

Still another detail to factor in is the fact that we have a lot of beautiful beaches in the Philippines that offer a variety of waves: from the gentle swells that beginner surfers can use to hone their skills, to the more challenging barrels that keep even the more experienced surfers on their toes.

What accounts most for the rising interest in surfing is the increasing number of surf-related activities being organized by surfers themselves who love the sport so much, they feel the need to share their passion for surfing with others.

SAN JUAN, LA UNION

Luzon

One such success story is the La Union Surfing Break. The event was held from October 28-31, 2006 to coincide with college students' semestral break, an event that was part of the La Union local government's efforts to introduce La Union, particularly Urbiztondo Beach, as the official surf destination for Luzon. This event, organized by Joey Cuerdo, together with the Department of Tourism and the La Union Local Government, offered anyone who was willing to travel to San Juan, La Union, six hours north of Manila, basic surf lessons and surfboard rental for three days, all for the very affordable price of P200.

Even before this event, La Union was already reputed to be a great place to catch some waves. The Surfing Break, however, cemented San Juan's status as one of the top surfing destinations in the country, particularly for newbies who want to learn how to surf. What makes La Union so perfect for beginners, aside from the affable locals willing to provide hands-on instruction at a minimum fee, are the gentle swells that give newcomers a taste of surfing without overwhelming them.

BALER, AURORA PROVINCE

Luzon

Located on the east coast of Luzon, Baler, the capital of Aurora Province, looks out into the Pacific Ocean, giving it the surf that it is renowned for. While Francis Ford Coppola's opus *Apocalypse Now* introduced the surf-worthy waves of Charlie's Point to the world in the late 1970s, the more popular surf breaks in Baler are found at

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Cemento Reef, Lindy's Point and Sabang Beach. To make the most of a surfing trip, the best time to go to Baler for consistent waves is from October to February.

BAGASBAS, DAET, CAMARINES

Luzon

Surfing wasn't exactly new to Daet, Camarines Norte. As Ryan Francis Vito, the president of the Bagasbas Unified Surfing Association, revealed, Daet was actually the site of the first documented Filipino surfer: in 1970, the *Philippine Graphic* featured Regino Guinto, Jr., a Daet native who not only surfed waves, but also encouraged other locals to learn how to surf.

Considering its place in Philippine surfing history, it wasn't surprising that Joey Cuerdo, fresh from the successful run of the La Union Surfing Break, would next set his sights on making Bagasbas the next prime surfing destination in Luzon. While the area was not necessarily an undiscovered surfing spot (Bagasbas having its fair share of foreign surfers on a quest for the perfect wave), the Bagasbas Summer Surf Festival was the perfect opportunity to present Bagasbas beach, a nine-hour bus ride away from Manila, as a viable alternative for beginner surfers from Manila who want to avoid the busier La Union beaches. And with swells reaching three to six feet, Bagasbas is an ideal spot to learn how to surf.

On its 3rd year, the Bagasbas Summer Surf Festival follows the format of the original La Union Surfing Break, offering three days of hands-on surf lessons from the top local surfers for only P500. While waiting for their surfing lessons, the participants could also try their hand at wall climbing, Ultimate Frisbee and beach volleyball. This surf festival, held last April 9-11, 2010, was another surfing project that Joey Cuerdo undertook with the cooperation of the Department of Tourism's Office of Product Research and Development and the provincial government of Camarines Norte to promote sustainable tourism in the area and establish Bagasbas as the next surfing hot spot. With the growing number of participants in the festival every year, it seems that Bagasbas is on its way to becoming just that.

CALICOAN, SAMAR

Eastern Visayas

Luzon does not have a monopoly of surfing destinations in the country. In fact, some would argue that the best waves are found in the Visayas and Mindanao regions. Calicoan Island, off the coast of Eastern Samar, is another great place to visit if you are looking for great surfing waves. Facing the Pacific Ocean, ABCD Beach provides both left-hand and right-hand swells. The best time to go to the island would be from April to November. Summer months are perfect for beginner surfers who want to hone their skills on gentle two- to three-foot swells. For surfers looking for more difficult waves, the latter months offer more challenging waves.

LANUZA, SURIGAO DEL SUR

Mindanao

In the town of Lanuza, province of Surigao del Sur, surfers have "Doot Poktoy," a huge sandbar across the town's seawall. Located on the Northwestern Pacific typhoon belt, waves here can go as high as 15 feet. According to *Surf Magazine*, Lanuza is "a place with a flawless river mouth. Its waves spin long perfect rights on a big swell at low tide. There is a hollow tube section

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at take-off and there are long section walls up to 200 meters." Surfing season is from November to February.

SIARGAO, SURIGAO DEL NORTE

Mindanao

For more experienced surfers, one of the most famous surfing spots in the country is Siargao, specifically because of one place: Cloud 9. Known as the 'Surfing Capital of the Philippines,' Cloud 9 is best known for its thick, hollow tubes that can rival the swells from Hawaii, California, Australia and Indonesia. In fact, *Surf Magazine* ranks Cloud 9 as one among the top 10 best waves in the world and considers it one of the five toughest breaks in the world. Other popular breaks in and around Siargao Island to consider are Jacking Horse, Tuason Left, Rock Island, Stimpies and Pacifico. The best months for surfing are from August to November, when the island gets the most typhoon swells and the best winds. For surfers looking for bigger waves to ride, December to April provide stronger winds.

These are just some of the more familiar surfing spots in the country. But for the surfer who is willing to go the extra mile in search of the next high, the Philippines has a lot more to offer in terms of surf and sand, teeming as it is with kilometers of unexplored, virgin terrain.

PHILIPPINE SURF CULTURE

The country's surf culture is made up mostly of Filipino surfers, with locals from surfing spots dominating the scene. It is still in the development stage, marked by the steady formation of surf spots and increased surfing-related activities all year-round.

Admittedly, surfing requires more effort than most other hobbies. Not only does it require a lot of travel (the nearest surf spot, Zambales, is a minimum three-hour bus ride away from Metro Manila), it can also be quite taxing on the pocket, with surfboards going for PhP20,000-30,000, in addition to travel and accommodation expenses. But for most surfers, the benefits far outweigh the costs. Surfing offers a welcome break from the routine and stress of everyday life. More than just a sport, the surfing lifestyle offers the opportunity to ride and be one with the waves, relax and enjoy each moment, be it the perfect ride, a wipeout or just hanging loose.

Consider Mocha Edusma, a native of Manila, who first went to Daet in 1994 to attend a town fiesta. After trying surfing for the first time, Mocha made the life-altering decision to relocate to Daet. 16 years later, Mocha is now one of Daet's most established female pro-surfers, earning a living joining surfing competitions and giving lessons to tourists who want to try their hand at riding the waves. For a lot of surfers like Mocha, surfing is a way of life. As Ryan Vito declares, with Mocha eagerly in agreement: "Surfing is even better than sex. It gives a different high."

But what sets the country's surf culture apart is the way the locals welcome everyone who comes rushing to their shores, eager to share the fun. As Joey Cuerdo puts it, the country's surf culture is simply laid back. And unlike at other, more famous surf destinations abroad, the local surfers are not at all territorial when it comes to the best surf spots. In fact, once the locals find that the tourist, foreigner or Filipino, shares their passion for the waves, they are willing to share not only the waves: they are even willing to impart their experience-learned knowledge to help the visitor become a better surfer.

For Filipino surfers who come from all walks of life, the search for the great waves, that ultimate ride, is the strongest of bonds, with the ability to unite them all.



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"So tell me about these hallucinations you've been having, Mr. Prescott, and why you don't want to cure them."

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pieces of you

Proof that you can purchase anything for the right price, we find out exactly how much it costs to sell the contents of your body, one part at a time. Welcome to the slice-and-dice market.

BY BLACK SARAH AND MAC VIVIEZCA
PHOTOS BY JOSER DUMBRIQUE

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"Because of the lack of available donors in this country, 2,025 kidney patients, 1,347 liver patients, 458 heart patients and 361 lung patients died in 2001 while waiting for life-saving organ transplants."

Let's begin with a simple statement: *caveat lector.* Behind the simplicity of this inquisition lies a deeper meaning. How far would you go to save your own life, or perhaps someone else's? Would you risk your freedom to delve into something almost taboo? The irony is that some people metaphorically, and maybe even literally, go through hell attempting to prolong a life with little or no quality left in it. All the while, millions in our present society debase their lives by swimming in a sea of prohibition.

Consider this quote: "Because of the lack of available donors in this country, 2,025 kidney patients, 1,347 liver patients, 458 heart patients and 361 lung patients died in 2001 while waiting for life-saving organ transplants."

In this day and age when virtually everything can be procured second-hand, it isn't surprising how poverty can lead the underprivileged to consider venturing into illegal organ trafficking. Those who have given way to selling their organs frequently cite their financial needs as the root cause for their actions. In fact, an estimated 90 percent of the donors in our region come from families below the poverty line. But does this act, made in sullen desperation, really aid the impoverished? They resort to selling their organs in the hopes of improving their status quo, but instead end up just offsetting their outstanding debts.

The majority receive only about a meager third of the amount that the organ hunters shell out, because the lump sum goes to the "middlemen" These middlemen, often masquerading as individuals motivated by philanthropic good intentions, come from syndicates who comb for potential 'donors' who are willing to proffer themselves for various medical procedures. Complications often plague these vulnerable donors, exacerbating their financial situation through the necessary post-surgery checkups and medical needs, i.e., antibiotics and morphine. Recipients of the transplants, on the other hand, revel in their improved quality of life after the operation. And that is if the surgery goes well.

Facts show that the total number of organs transplanted annually increased from 27,530 in 2005 to 28,291 in 2006, an increase of 761 (2.8%). This overall increase is attributable to different levels of transplant activity by organ. There was a 7.4% increase in deceased donor kidney transplants.

We managed to have a discussion with Jonathan (last name undisclosed for his privacy), a call center employee, who is currently undergoing peritoneal dialysis while waiting for a kidney donor. "I have been in dire need of a donor for a long time. I have a cousin who was supposed to be my donor but he failed the last in a series of five tests meant to qualify him as a donor." Jonathan already sought out the opinion of a renal specialist at the National Kidney and Transplant Institute and was advised that a kidney transplant was necessary and top priority. "When I had my checkup there, a couple of 'middlemen' already approached us, but my father decided not to go that route since we didn't have the amount of money they were demanding. I was told that there were a lot of these fixers before, surrounding the vicinity of NKTI, but since laws were passed to prevent illegal transplants and the institute being very vigilant about these people, it dwindled."

Jonathan currently spends more than a thousand pesos a day for a liquid solution that he infuses in a permanent tube inside his abdomen. To make matters worse, he is required to do this painstaking procedure four times a day. "I can't miss even one day because my condition would deteriorate if I did. I'm getting some financial help from relatives, the PCSO and some politicians because the income I'm getting monthly from my job will not suffice." He states that his wife is planning to work two jobs in preparation for the kidney transplant, which, according to him, would cost him at least P600,000 (inclusive of medicine after the operation).

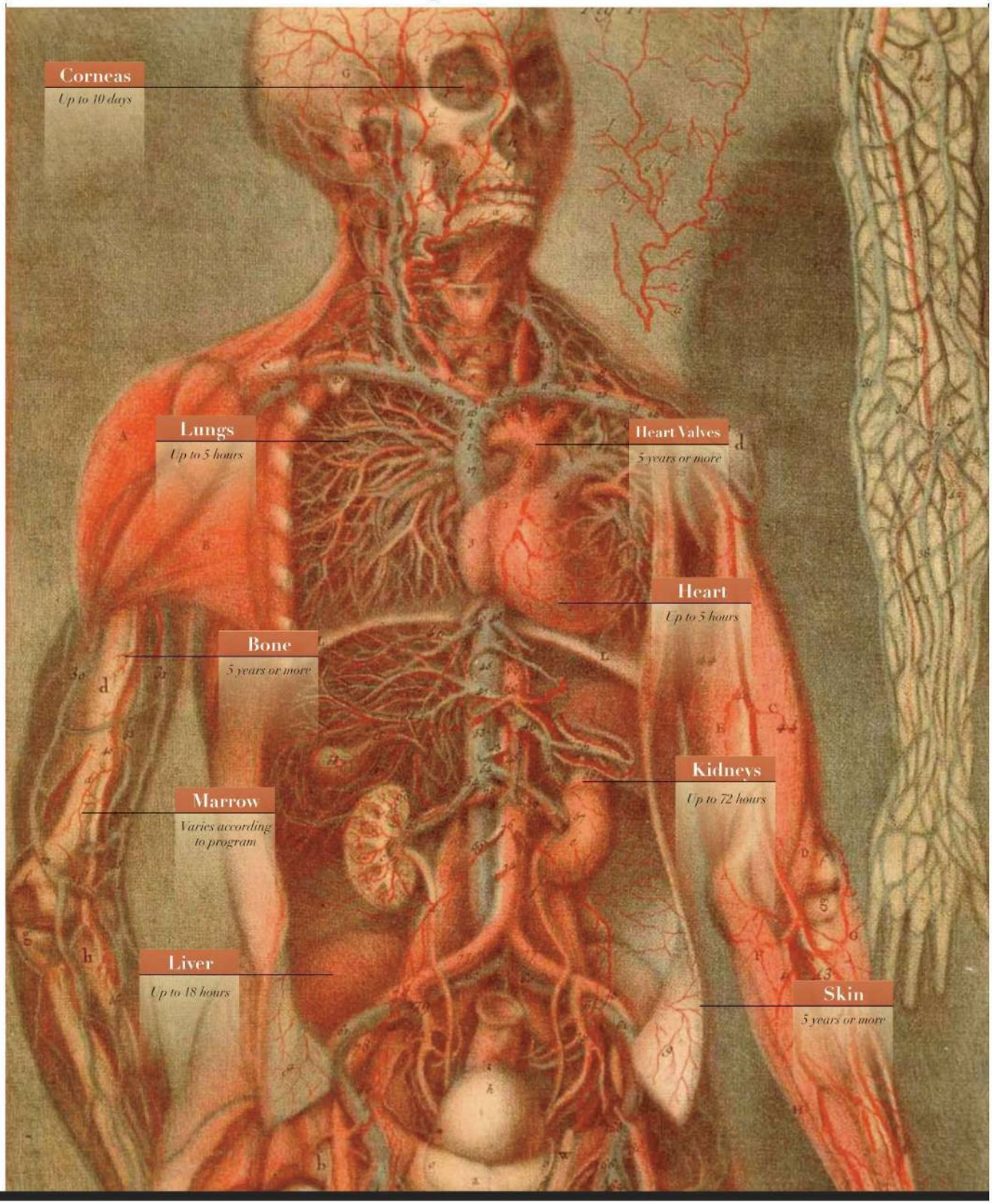
Our country's clergymen have always been extremely vocal when this delicate topic enters the discussion. A fervent statement issued by the CBCP (Catholic Bishops' Conference of the Philippines) Episcopal Commission on Social

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REFRIGERATE AFTER OPENING

Vital organs may be recovered and transported thousands of miles to a transplant center. This is due, in part, to advances in preservation techniques. These are the approximate preservation times for a variety of organs and tissues:



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Action, Justice and Peace affirmed, "Organ trade is without regard for charity and altruism, without regard for compassion, and certainly without regard for love; only for self-preservation and deception, fueled by greed and destitution."

With all due respect to our clergy, we neither agree nor disagree with this statement. But ask yourselves this question, and answer it with all honesty: ff a dear loved one, a husband, a wife, your child, or your rapidly aging parent were dying right before your very eyes, what would you do? Would you, or wouldn't you do everything in your power to save them? Scrape the bottom of the barrel if you had to?

Asia is distinguished as the bastion of the black market organ trade, and foreigners are quick to flock to our side of the globe should their dire needs arise. It is the scarcity in their homeland of legal donors that drive them to mosey over to our neck of the woods. Those who opt to be on the waiting lists often meet their demise even before the procedure has begun. The World Head Organization has reported that the black market for organ trading has accounted for 10 percent of transplants worldwide. Third World countries are often called 'warehouses' due to the wide availability of these sought-after organs. Hot spots in our country include towns in Quezon province, Batangas, Rizal and certain barangays in Tondo, Manila. There are also reports that these appalling procedures have reached regions in the south such as Davao City.

The trafficking of human organs in the Philippines was actually legal until it was banned back in 2008. The sudden rise in illegal organ trade in recent years compelled the government to act quickly to curb these horrendous acts. Former DSWD Secretary Esperanza Cabral warned that the implementation of Republic Act 9208 will impose stiff monetary penalties and jail time should one be involved in the illegal trade. "The DSWD and the Department of Health are together in supporting the ban on organ sales," she said. Violators can face up to 20 years in prison and incur a minimum fine of 1 million pesos, rising at the Court's discretion up to a maximum of 5 million pesos. But even with this draconian law in place, the trafficking has not ceased and continues to flourish, much to the frustration of our law-enforcers.

There is reliable proof in current surveys that there is a massive increase in needed donors, and the numbers continue to rise day by day. How can our respected law officials expect realistic results from these recently passed bills? The situation is surprisingly similar to the animal poaching problem that plagues us till this day. The famous tag line from the World Wide Fund for Nature (WWF) states: "When the buying stops, the killing does too." The point here is that the demand will never cease as long as people have a need for this certain product. It just so happens that the demand is for human organs.

The National Bureau of Investigation also sent warnings to the public in the past that the rise in child kidnapping cases may be linked to organ harvesting. Human smugglers often keep their prey in good health by providing them with food supplements. Along with these kidnapped children are the innocents who were actually sold by their own parents to these smugglers. One famous case back in 2008 urged former DILG Secretary Angelo Reyes to organize a special task force to investigate the deaths of five children who were Nueva Ecija residents, and whose internal organs furtively disappeared. Their corpses left along the roadside were savagely defiled and mutilated. Their kidneys, livers and eyes removed. To add insult to injury, money was left inside the victims' remains for their burial. Reyes consorted with local officials and the local police force to get to the bottom of these horrid incidents.

Kidnapping children is already a harrowing act but the harvesting of their organs for profit is just plain ruthless. Just imagine these men: most of them probably have children of their own, yet they go through with these truculent, vicious deeds. Again, it all boils down to the proverbial need for money. Some things become clichés because they stand true. To paraphrase the adage, money is not the root of all evil. It is the excessive want or desperate need that drives men to consider barbaric acts such as these.

Archbishop Angel Lagdameo, head of the CBCP, affirmed in one of his statements: "We understand the



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"Kidnapping children is already a harrowing act, but the harvesting of their organs for profit is just plain ruthless."

poor and they should not be blamed. There are other ways to help them, but not through organ sale. They are human beings and cannot be treated as commodities. We encourage voluntary organ donation from cadavers and also from living donors. We condemn any form of organ sale and organ trade." The CBCP appealed to our local government to persevere in their fight against the black market and called out to the members of the medical profession to press on the enactment of programs that promote legal donation. "Scarce organ donors should be made available first to the local recipients. A strict limit on allocation should be set for foreign recipients," added the CBCP.

Once again, to interject, why would they use such a strong word like "condemn" when they readily admit that the poor have no choice? They contradict themselves in saying so. What if, by some slim chance, one of these holy servants of God catches a rare disease and the only solution would be an organ transplant. The Pope, an archbishop or even a priest would have no problem getting a healthy, functioning organ in no time simply because of their rank. It is too easy to set standards of morality when calamity doesn't affect individuals the same way based on their respective stations in life.

The late Pope John Paul II expressed his sentiments on this delicate issue when he pointed out that "any method that tends to commercialize human organs or considers them as items of exchange or trade must be considered morally unacceptable, because to use the body as an 'object' is to violate the dignity of the human person." Even our current Pope, Benedict XVI, preaches with conviction when he warns the people about this alarmingly prevalent global trade. "The donation of one's organs is a free act of charity, and should not be submitted to the "logic of the market," he emphasizes.

What difference does it make if the means are justified only if the organ was given for free? Sometimes in life, the occasion arises when we need to scratch someone's back in order for them in turn to scratch ours. Is it really so evil for someone to give up something they "technically" own, and get compensation for it, since it is inside their bodies? Doesn't a competent person have the right to choose for themselves whether they want to give it up either for sale, or only for the sake of charity?

Like we mentioned at the beginning: the question is simple, yet the answers are far more complex than we can easily comprehend. There are concerns with morality, ethics, and even the law. Should it be accepted just as any other medical operation? Or are our lawmakers making the right decision in banning black market organ sale and distribution?

The advancement in this field of medical science has saved countless lives and will continue to do so. People who are doomed to die are given a new lease on life. But greed and deception will continue to pollute what is supposed to be an untainted and virtuous deed.

"Beauty is in the eye the beholder, and so often, so is morality." – Donald Hamilton

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Man Up at the Jungle Environment Survival Training (JEST) Camp

By Regina Layug-Rosero



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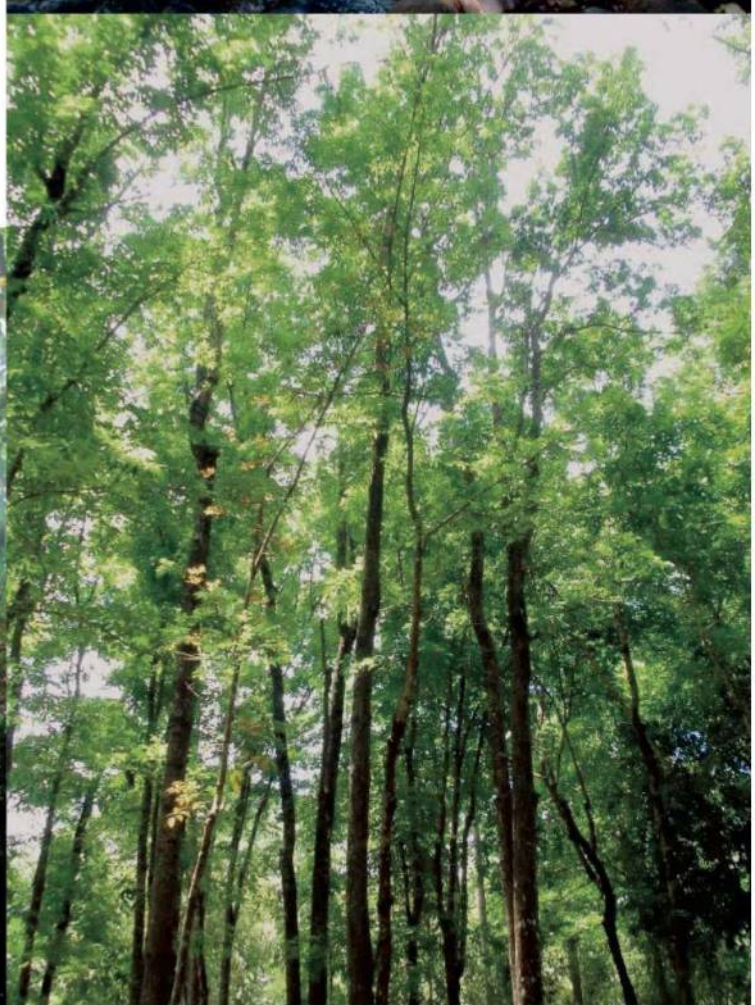
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Subic may not seem like the ultimate summer destination, being so near Manila. Plus there's all the baggage that comes with having been an American military and naval base. And hey, isn't Olongapo right outside its gates? Isn't that whole town one big red light district?

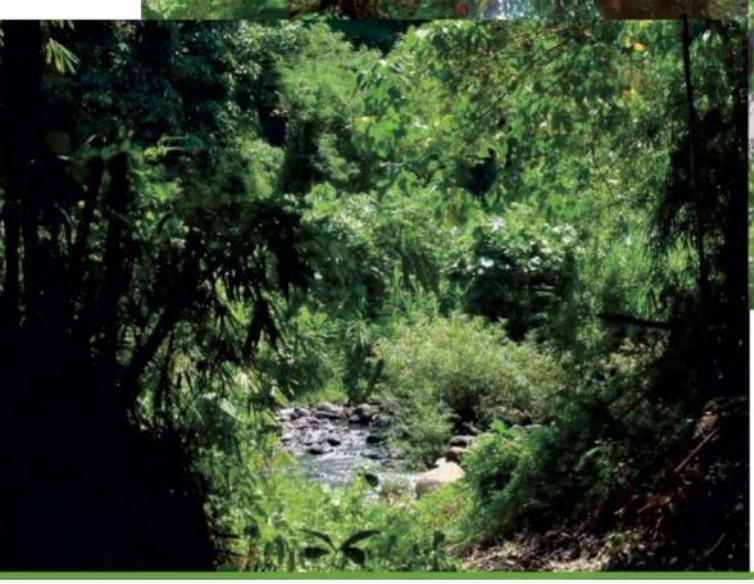
If you still think that way, obviously you've been hiding under a rock, because Subic and Olongapo are nothing like that anymore. Thanks to the departure of the US forces and government and private sector efforts over the last 15 years, what was once an American base is now Subic Bay Freeport Zone (SBFZ), center for business, recreation and leisure. Subic offers many options for tourists looking for a vacation destination near Manila, and the Jungle Environment Survival Training (JEST) Camp is one of them.

The JEST Camp was once a training ground for American soldiers. They learned jungle survival tactics from the indigenous population: the Aetas. The GIs learned to live off the land, which leaves were edible, even what sort of wood to use to make fire. But when the Americans left, the camp remained open and now civilians like you and me can learn the same survival skills.









Previous page: Subic strives to maintain its forests and counts eco-tourism as a major source of income.
This page: JEST training will teach you to survive in this environment. Can you handle it?

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Above: Some leaves you can simply slap on to your clothing, and they'll keep you dry. Far Left: The bamboo will keep you alive in the wilderness. Left: Dry bamboo sticks burn bright and hot. Below: You'll learn to build a simple lean-to for the night with nothing but what Nature gives you.

The guide will also show you how to find potable water, which leaves will help keep you dry in the rain, under which trees to find shelter, and which leaves make good *sinigang*.



At any time, tourists can visit the JEST Camp, and the free demonstrations are scheduled throughout the day. Sit through the 30-minute demo, and a jungle guide will show you—using only his hunting knife—just how useful bamboo is.

From one long bamboo, you can get a drinking cup, utensils, and a plate. Another section of the bamboo can be used as a rice cooker, and yet another can be used to cook your meat. Of course, to cook all of that, you need fire. The instructor will show you which twigs and branches make good firewood, and right in front of you he'll use twigs and the magic of friction to make a fire! It's the stuff you should have learned as a boy scout but didn't. And even then, how long will it take you to set actual wood aflame?

For a fee, you can actually learn and practice these skills in the wild. A guide will take you into the rainforest, and hand the knife to you. Conveniently, the nice knives are also sold at the camp, in various sizes. You can choose an afternoon trip, which can last anywhere between 30 minutes to six hours, depending on your preference, as the cost adjusts as well. Not only will you learn all the fire and bamboo chopping stuff, but the guide will also show you how to find potable water, which leaves will help keep you

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Right: Do you know which way is North? Below: In the wilderness, a sharp knife is your best friend.





Prove how manly you are as you hunt wild boar or wild birds for your dinner!

dry in the rain, under which trees to find shelter, and which leaves make good sinigang.

If you're really eager to test your survival skills, JEST Camp also offers overnight camping trips. Prove how manly you are as you hunt wild boar or wild birds for your dinner! This also means you can't eat until that kill is skinned and washed. And you'll be sleeping under the stars with only the trees as a canopy. And the mosquitoes will probably have a field day with you. But hey, you'll be as awesome as Aragorn the Ranger, or MacGyver with his I-can-do-absolutely-anything Swiss knife.

While the jungle survival training is JEST's bestselling feature, their other attractions are appealing as well. Nature lovers will appreciate the variety of wildlife that call JEST home. Upon entering the camp, the first thing you'll see is Spider World, where over 30 different specimens of the eight-legged furry creatures live in glass cages. Most cages are accompanied by a sign that tells you the spider's genus and species, place of origin, and other details like their defense mechanisms, diet and natural habitat. If you weren't afraid of spiders before, a visit to Spider World would at least give you the creeps: these things are silent, deadly and beautiful.

You can take a look at a different set of beautiful, wild creatures in the Aviary. Bird cages dot the entire camp, and you can ask the camp staff to tell you about each bird. Of course, exotic parrots and peacocks are a prerequisite of any aviary, but those who fancy themselves ornithologists will be happy to note the presence of other species: lovebirds, finches, sparrows, doves, macaws, parakeets, hornbills, guinea fowl and pheasants. Animal rights advocates will be happy to know that the cages are big and clean, and all the birds were provided with food and clean water.

Then there's the Insectarium, where camp staff have preserved many different species of butterflies, stick insects and scarabs. The Insectarium is an enclosed building, and to further preserve the specimens, the temperature is controlled with constant air-conditioning and the lighting is subdued. The insects are pinned on boards and framed, arranged by family and coloration. Informative signs provide interesting information on each display. While most people are in awe of the grandeur of butterflies, the Insectarium shows off the beauty and variety of what are deemed lesser creatures: moths, scarabs, stick insects. Some smaller specimens are even arranged intricately in a single frame, and it would seem as though you were looking at a set of glittering jewelry rather than dead insects.

From the Insectarium, you can go directly into the Butterfly Garden, an enclosed garden with tall trees and wide ferns, and water streaming here and there. Live butterflies fly freely all over the garden, which is kept enclosed with green netting and kept cool by small ponds. If your vision of paradise is the Garden of Eden, this could be the teaser for it. The garden is quiet and serene, and the butterflies are so used to people that they'll probably perch on you. If you spent a night out in the wilderness, you could probably use an hour here to relax. Part of the Butterfly Garden is a small exhibit

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area where live stick insects are kept in glass cages. You can see them in their natural environment—provided you can distinguish them from the twigs and the leaves! Each cage is like a puzzle: see if you can spot the live stick insect!

Part of the camp stands on a cliff, where there's a viewing deck. From there you can look down onto the dense foliage of the Subic woods, and outward to the bay on one side, and to the mountains of Zambales on the other. A small bonsai garden is on the grounds as well. There's also a café called Luto sa Kawayan, and a souvenir shop where you can buy not only knives, but also local delicacies, JEST Camp shirts and vests, hats and wooden handicrafts.

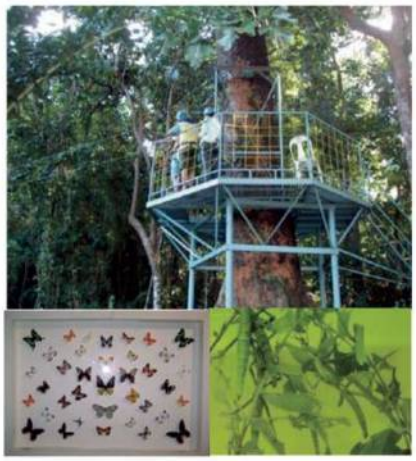
If you're just visiting the camp for the basic tour and the free demo, the entrance fee is P100. Different fees apply for the jungle tour and the overnight camping.



The butterflies are so tame that they'll perch on you. But perhaps you wouldn't be so thrilled if it were a spider instead of a butterfly.

For inquiries visit: http://www.clarksubicmarketing.com/sports_leisure/subic_bay_jest_camp.htm

Other Subic Freeport Zone Attractions



Other Subic Freeport Attractions: Top: Treetop Adventure Lower Left: Preserved butterflies at the JEST Camp. Lower Right: Live stick insects at the JEST Camp

Shopping: There are people who will drive all the way to Subic just to shop, and it's easy to see why. Subic being a seaport, many goods come in and are sold at low prices. Most people are there to shop for clothes—there are Adidas and Nike outlet shops, and clothes, shoes, bags and other sports accessories are sold for 50% to 70% off. Other shops sell a variety of other brands, and not just sports gear: Sanuk, Havaianas, Gola, Fila, Ann Taylor, Skechers, and some brands you've probably never even heard of. The nice thing about buying the surplus imports is that they have US sizes. If your size is a problem, a shopping trip to Subic is worth the money. Of course, there are other things you can buy: cars, trucks, construction equipment, chocolates, fruits. The Royal Subic supermarket offers as many US brands of soaps, shampoos, household items, clothes, foods and drinks as you can imagine, and these items are sold in bulk too. If you have a Shopwise card, you can earn points here. A huge branch of Puregold just opened, and similar items are sold there.

Treetop Adventure: While they also offer a nature hike like JEST, Treetop Adventure is unique in their other offerings. They have a canopy walk modeled after the Cagayan de Oro original: suspension bridges and cable rides take you from treetop to treetop 100 feet up! The Superman experience allows you to zoom from tree to tree, suspended on cables 100 feet above the forest floor. You can be seated or strapped into a harness while lying face down, and watch the trees zoom past. You can also rappel at breathtaking speeds down a 60-foot tree—choose among the Australian, the conventional or the spider style.

Nature and animal parks: Aside from Treetop Adventure and JEST, Subic is also home to other nature and adventure parks, like Zoobic Safari, Jungle Joe's World and Extreme Adventure Park. There's also horseback riding to be found in the Freeport.

Good eats: Many good restaurants can be found all over the Freeport. Whatever your budget and preference, you're sure to find a café or a restaurant that will strike your fancy. Familiar establishments from Manila can also be found, if you're after comfort food: Yellow Cab, Teriyaki Boy, Binalot, Chowking, Gerry's Grill, Jollibee.

Go-kart racing: Along Argonaut Highway is Le-Man's Go-Kart Track. Satisfy your need for speed and race with your friends.

Casino: If gambling's your thing, there's a PAGCOR casino facing the bay. Here's your chance to dress up like them Ocean's Eleven guys, and win serious bucks.

Hotels and Resorts: If you're looking to spend a day or two, there are many hotels in the Freeport. Legenda was one of the first hotel chains to set up shop, but now there's also the Subic International Hotel, the Lighthouse Marina and the Subic Bayfront. Naturally, the better the beachfront, the higher the room rate! For adventurers who just want a place to dump their stuff, shower and lay their heads at night, cheaper accommodations can be found in Subic town, outside the Freeport, like Ocean View Beach Resort and Whiterock Beach Resort.

Ocean Adventure: For a different kind of nature trip, you can check out the sea creatures in Ocean Adventure. Southeast Asia's only open-water theme park sits at the edge of the forest on Ilanin Bay. This large facility houses whales, dolphins and sea lions, and there are scheduled shows as well as other sea creatures in aquariums. You can also go diving, swimming, snorkeling and paddling. Reef Restaurant and Bar is on the grounds as well, so you don't need to drive back through the Freeport for a meal. Within the Ocean Adventure is Camayan Beach Resort, which has 82 rooms and offers spa services too.

Diving: Many of the resorts in Subic—within and outside the Freeport—offer diving services. From lessons to equipment rental to escorted tours, you can visit any of the 20 vessel wrecks in the bay.

For other sights to see in Subic, get yourself a map at any bookstore, or check out http://www.clarksubicmarketing.com/.

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PLAYBOY
CASTING CALL

We want you! PLAYBOY is looking for the most beautiful women to grace our pages. Attend our Casting Calls and see if you have what it takes to become part of the PLAYBOY family!



Drop by our office at 2502-C West Tower, Philippine Stock Exchange Centre, Ortigas Center, Pasig City!
Casting Calls are held every Friday, from 1PM onwards. Bring your set cards!
For inquiries, please contact Ms. Beng Miranda at **mdmiranda@pbphil.com**, or call:
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20 QUESTIONS

RAMPAGE JACKSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT SEBREE

The mercurial MMA champ claims he'll never fight again. That doesn't mean he won't get swinging mad about his ultimate fighter protégés, rude fans and conversations about the arrest last year.

Q1

PLAYBOY: Before you announced you were quitting the UFC, you had just finished a stint as a coach on this season's *Ultimate Fighter: Heavyweights*. Did you enjoy coaching?

JACKSON: I actually hated coaching. The job fucking sucked. And they better not ask me to do it again. It's just fucking too much. It took too much time out of my day. I've got kids I didn't see, and I'd bust out crying whenever I looked at their picture. I wanted to train, but I could barely train myself because these guys needed so much attention. And I ain't gonna lie—the pay fucking sucked for how much work I did. It ain't worth it to me. Those guys are great, but I didn't like doing it.

Q2

PLAYBOY: How did you motivate your fighters?

JACKSON: Some of those guys were easy to motivate, and some of them weren't. It depends on the guy. Some guys you slap and they get motivated. Some guys you've got to tell them, "Do you want me to change your tampon?" You've got all different types of personalities.

Q3

PLAYBOY: This season of *Ultimate Fighter* included underground fighting legend Kimbo Slice. What do you think of his chances in the UFC?

JACKSON: Kimbo has a lot of learning to do, but he's willing to do it. He's learned so quickly that I think he's got a bright future in the UFC if he keeps progressing.

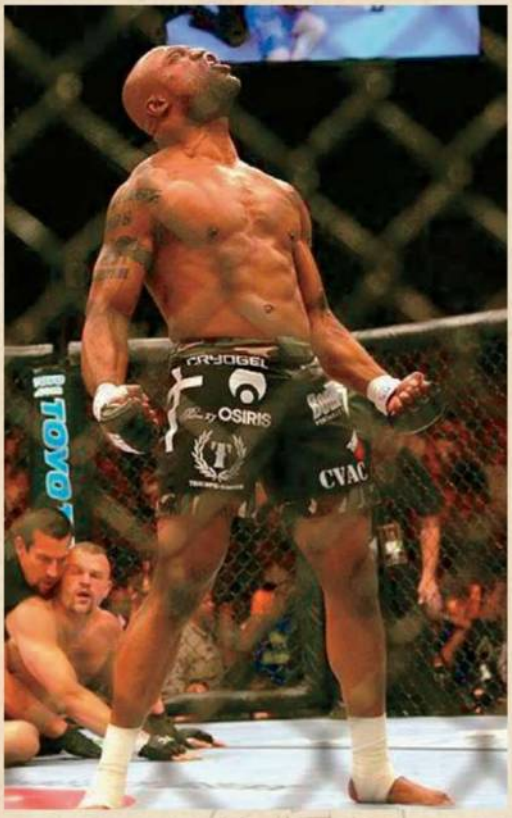
Q4

You've recently turned to acting. Tell us about *The A-Team*, the movie that caused you to quit the UFC.

JACKSON: I can't talk too much about it. I'm doing it now that I've finished this reality show. The movie was


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set a long time ago, and I was in the process of getting ready for it when *Ultimate Fighter* came up. I used to bond with my father watching *The A-Team* as a kid. My dad and I are still big fans of the show, so I am basically doing this for the childhood memories.

Q5

PLAYBOY: When was the first time you punched someone in the face?

JACKSON: My mom said I've been fighting my whole life. I have a cousin who's eight months younger than I am, and we literally fought every day for years. But the first time I punched somebody in the face who wasn't a family member was in kindergarten. I let this kid borrow one of my Hot Wheels, and he broke it, so I decided to break my foot off in his ass. I've been in so many fights it just seems natural.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Please tell us your cousin doesn't still want to fight you.

JACKSON: No, he doesn't want to fight anymore. He stopped wanting to fight a couple of years ago. But even after I did some professional fights he still came at me once or twice. I was like, "Man, come on. What are you doing?" So I had to beat him up again, probably like seven years ago. I haven't had to beat him up since.

Q7

PLAYBOY: What was your childhood like in Memphis?

JACKSON: I didn't really have a childhood because I grew up around people who were a lot older than me, so I grew up too fast. I kind of did the street life for a bit, so I learned a lot. But you know, growing up in the streets I learned not to be like the guys I followed, which turned out to be pretty good for me. Those guys, they didn't end up doing too much. They're still living at home with their mamas.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Before you began fighting MMA, you were a wrestler. How did you get involved in wrestling?

JACKSON: My mom remarried, and we moved to a new neighborhood. I used to be a big pro-wrestling fan, and I found out the new school had wrestling. Since I always wanted to be a pro wrestler, I thought, Maybe this is my chance. I walked up to the wrestling coach, who was at the gas station, and I asked him, "Hey, can I join the wrestling team?" It was in the middle of their season, but I joined, and I got pretty good. I got my butt kicked in the wrestling room every day. But the next year I went out, I was undefeated. It changed my whole life.

Q9

PLAYBOY: So why did you drop wrestling and switch to MMA?

JACKSON: I met one of my favorite wrestlers at a hotel when I was wrestling in the state championships. I can't say who it was, but I asked him for an autograph, and he was kind of rude to me. Then I saw him sign another kid's autograph as he was leaving, so that killed my dream of becoming a pro wrestler. I didn't want to have nothing to do with it.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You were arrested last year in Newport Beach, California

for felony hit-and-run and felony reckless driving. You drove away even though your car has your name and picture plastered all over it and was seen by witnesses. What would you like to clarify about that incident?

JACKSON: I didn't really pay attention to the press, but I know one thing: A lady tried to sue me and say she had a miscarriage because of the accident, but the DA said it had nothing to do with the miscarriage. Anyway, that's old news.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Who gave you the nickname 'Rampage'?

JACKSON: I got the nickname from my cousin when I was eight years old. I had a bad temper. When I would lose my temper my family thought it was amusing because I used to huff and hyperventilate. It was bad. But family members loved it, so they named me Rampage. When I was around 15, I tattooed it on my arm myself. When I started wrestling, it was still there, and it stuck.

Q12

PLAYBOY: What was it like in the early days when you were fighting on the MMA amateur circuit?

JACKSON: Those days sucked! I was a bouncer at a Vietnamese bar and a Vietnamese nightclub—two different places. I was training, and it was really bad getting off work at two, three in the morning and having to still train twice a day. I had nothing. I moved to California with a girlfriend, but we broke up two weeks before I fought my first professional fight. I was on my own after that.

Q13

PLAYBOY: What was your first tough fight, when you felt you were really tested?

JACKSON: I think it was my first professional fight against Marvin Eastman. It was a really tough fight. I had to fight on short notice again because somebody had backed out and I needed the money. I was basically broke. I knew I wasn't in good enough shape, and that messes with your mind. You're going to this fight and you know, man, your cardio is not good. You prepared for it for only two weeks, but you need that money. I lost and got paid $500.

Q14

PLAYBOY: You got your professional start in the Pride Fighting Championships in Japan. Did you enjoy Japan?

JACKSON: I like people watching there. They dress so funny. I just like to watch them. It's like watching a bunch of living robots.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Is it true you didn't join the UFC earlier because of your friendship with Tito Ortiz?

JACKSON: Yeah, that has some truth to it. I was in Pride and trying to be champion over there, and Tito was champion in the UFC. We were the same weight class. We became friends by training with each other. We had the same coach, and I helped Tito prepare for a few fights and stuff.

Q16

PLAYBOY: If you ever returned to the Octagon, what would it take for you to fight him?

JACKSON: If a fight came along for the belt. That's probably the only way we would have ever fought—if we could have gotten a championship or something out of it, but not if we were just fighting for money. It's kind of odd, because we both have a lot of the same friends and the same training partners. Unless it was for a big goal, I don't think we would fight at all.

Q17

PLAYBOY: In 2007 you beat Chuck Liddell for the UFC Light Heavyweight championship. How did you celebrate?

JACKSON: I don't even remember that celebration. I actually just met the guy who drove me home that night. He saw me and said, "Hey, you left your shirt in my car." So evidently I lost my shirt, but I still had the belt. I didn't forget the belt! I celebrated pretty hard. It took me about three days to sober up.

Q18

PLAYBOY: What was your favorite weakness in an opponent?

JACKSON: My favorite weakness was somebody who didn't have a jaw, somebody who was scared to get punched, who didn't have a chin. I like knocking people out.

Q19

PLAYBOY: What's the hardest punch you've ever thrown in a fight?

JACKSON: That was in my fight last December when I knocked out Wanderlei Silva. That punch was right on the money. It was very technical. I think that was the hardest punch I've ever thrown. He was out before he hit the ground. It still felt like it was nothing because I trained that punch so much. I connected and did everything exactly right. I just felt like butter.

Q20

PLAYBOY: What are your fans like?

JACKSON: Some people are just rude. People poke me, run up to me and say weird things. That's why I hate taking my kids places sometimes, because they hate if I stand around taking pictures all day when I'm supposed to be with them. Yesterday some guy grabbed me and spun me around. I thought it was one of my friends. He asked, "Are you Rampage?" I told him, "Hey, look, dude, just don't touch people, man." I don't say anything to them, or I say, "No, I'm not Rampage." I don't lose my temper or stuff like that, so they can't test me.



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WILD THING

Photography by Raphael Mazzucco

Guess Girl Candice Boucher appears on billboards modeling the company's latest wares. Here the wild child gets back to nature in Africa, wearing no clothes at all.



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Like the word 'Playmate,' the words 'Guess Girl' bring to mind an immediate connotation. You think of an impossible beauty shot in some cool locale: a gas station, poolside, stepping out of a 1957 Chevy. She's always cutting-edge, and yet there's a retro chicness about her, a nod to the great sex symbols of the 1960s. She is a timeless fantasy. The genius of Guess advertisements is the choice of woman and the sense of narrative, that the image is a window into some storyline with an ending as yet unwritten. Therein lies the fantasy: Those clothes are meant to be torn off... by you... right now.

Sure, we'll buy a pair of jeans. Make that two pairs.

Since the Marciano brothers founded the company in 1981 in California, they've had an eye for the youthfully provocative, finding women from around the world with fulsome curves and cheekbones sharper than knives. The ads, many shot by German lenswoman Ellen von Unwerth, are unmistakable. And what a worldly mix of goddesses: Brazil's Ana Beatriz Barros, Germany's Claudia Schiffer, France's Laetitia Casta, Britain's Naomi Campbell (of Chinese-Jamaican descent), the Czech Republic's Eva Herzigova, America's own Anna Nicole Smith.

And so we introduce you to the Marcianos' latest beauty, Candice Boucher, a raven-haired, electric-eyed siren from South Africa. Not only is Candice a new face of Guess, she is also yet another Guess Girl to appear nude in this magazine, following in the footsteps of Naomi, Eva, Anna Nicole, Victoria Silvstedt, Lauren Michelle Hill and Diora Baird (though, of course, some appeared in PLAYBOY before they became Guess girls).

Candice grew up in Durban, on South Africa's east coast. And though she has been enjoying Gotham City's nightlife recently, she now lives in her country's epicenter of beachside cool: Cape Town. "There are a lot of beautiful people here," she playfully allows, her deep accent shading every syllable. "We South Africans are proud of our country and have a lust for life. And being so close to the beach brings out the natural sexiness."

Hardly a girl next door, Candice has a body sculpted of long, lean angles and gentle curves. She's often sent to shoots in such exotic locales as Tokyo and India. What you see here is Candice against the backdrop of a private and remote lodge in southern Kenya. Photographed by Raphael Mazzucco (who has also shot three *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit covers), she showed great poise, working the camera as lions and elephants strolled behind her. Oddly, Candice explains, showing off her assets has not always come naturally.

"It's taken a while for me to be comfortable in a bikini," she says. "It's a work in progress. I was one of the shiest girls you'd ever meet; I wouldn't even eat in front of people. My family kind of pushed me into the modeling thing so I would get more self-confidence. I never spoke in school. I was one of the shy girls in the corner." So, shooting in the nude...? "Well, let's just say I never in my life thought I would appear in PLAYBOY. But I'm happy and excited by it."

The modeling industry has its pitfalls, she will tell you. According to Candice, the problem with being identified as a model is "men think you're easy, and women think you're dumb."

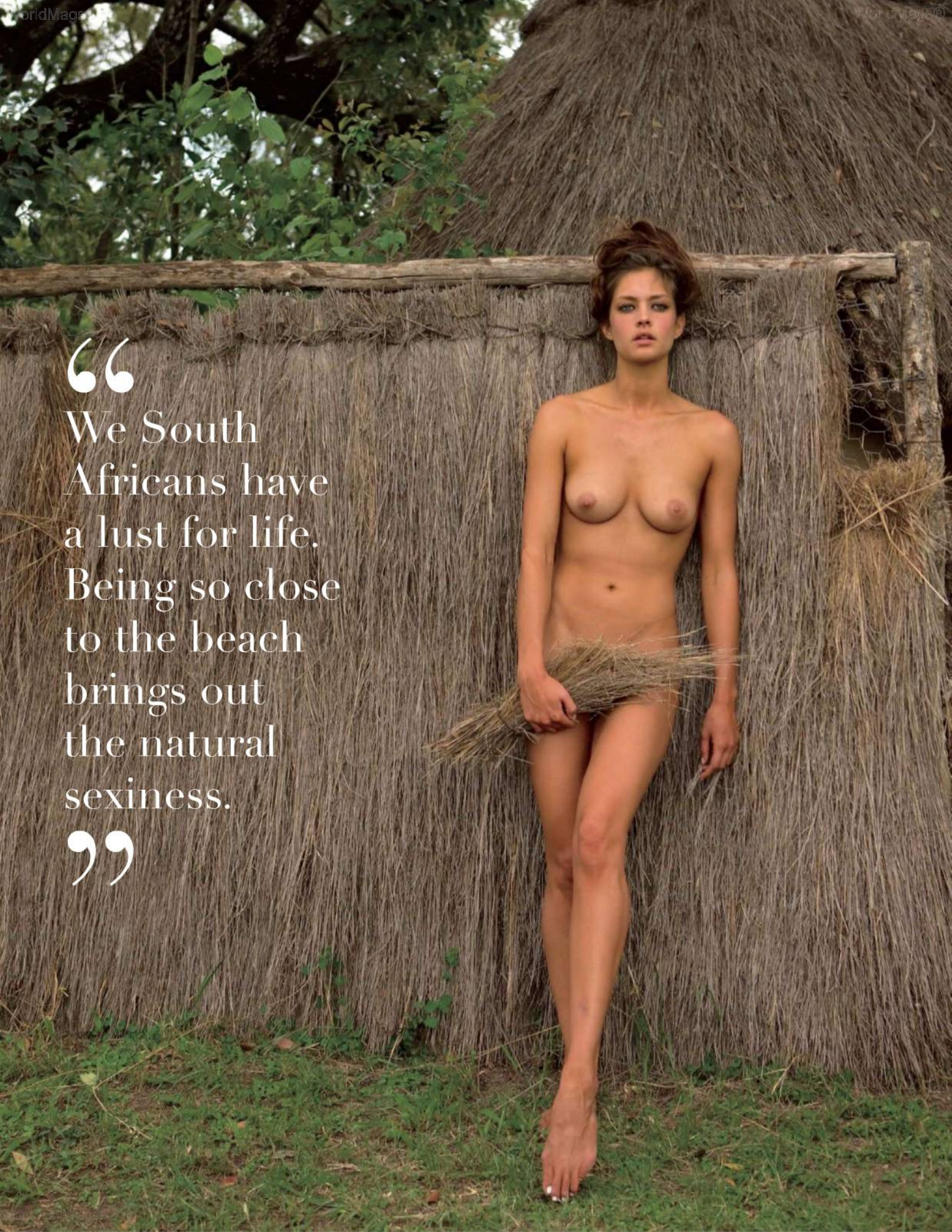
Despite all the cover shoots and ad campaigns, Candice admits she still sees herself as the shy girl in the corner. "I don't walk around thinking, Oh God, I'm so hot. I like to think I'm pretty much the same person I always was."

If you like what you see here, you're in luck. Candice will be making appearances on billboards in cities across the globe and in print ads, too. She is the new face and the new fantasy. We suspect she will sell the Marcianos many pairs of jeans.

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“We South Africans have a lust for life. Being so close to the beach brings out the natural sexiness.”

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Casting Call @ the Lounge

Bright and welcoming Lounge at Tomas Morato was a literal paradise on Earth, thanks to the overwhelming turnout of lovely ladies at our major offsite Casting Call! Our Playmates, Bunnies and models were in attendance, along with the special friends of the PLAYBOY family. You'll be seeing some of the promising young beauties we discovered there in coming issues!

























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Playboy News

Radio Tour

Sky Aisuru and Priscilla Monteiro paid a friendly visit to our local radio stations, spreading good cheer and the trademark PLAYBOY spirit as they endorsed the second anniversary issue. Thanks for giving us the opportunity to share your airwaves, guys! See you again next month!









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